

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1888.

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FIRST ARTICLE.—THE CREED OF THE NORMAN AND
PLANTAGENET CHURCH CONCERNING PAPAL SUPREMACY.

I.

Is the modern "Church of England," usually so called, the genuine representative in these lands of the ancient Church which bore that name, and received the undisputed allegiance of the English people up to the days of the Reformation? To the High Church party, in view of their theological position, this question has always been one of vital importance. But its bearing on the agitation for Disendowment has added to the purely theological interest a political interest of an acute character. Of these two aspects, the political and the theological, the latter is that which alone concerns us in the articles we propose to devote to the subject. Catholics have shown but slight disposition to make common cause with the Liberationists. They probably feel that the Church endowments are more usefully, or at all events less dangerously, employed, whilst in the hands of their present possessors, than if devoted, as they probably would be devoted, should Disendowment take place, to the freer prosecution of the anti-Christian propagandism which goes by the misleading name of Undenominational Education. In so far, then, as the defence of the Endowments rests on grounds independent of the claim to theological continuity, it shall find in us no opponents, and even when it does try to build on this claim, while we dispute the claim, we have no desire to push our theological contention to any political conclusions. We confine ourselves to the theological aspect. Is it the Church over which Archbishop Benson presides, or that over which Cardinal Manning presides, which is in true continuity with the ancient Church and inherits its claims to the allegiance of the English people?

It is not on their own account that Catholics have any call

to take up this inquiry. They see the stained glass from within, and their intuition of its harmonies of colour and delineation is proof against the curious misconceptions of outsiders. Their feeling is one of simple amazement that a thesis so preposterous as that which identifies Anglicanism with the religion of our forefathers should find upholders. Still it does, and the upholders are our fellow-countrymen, our friends, our near relations. They cannot be reached, at least few of them can be reached, directly by a Catholic journal. They may however be reached indirectly if Catholics will use the opportunities that offer, whether in private intercourse or otherwise, at a time when public interest in the subject is so much aroused. For these reasons we trust that we shall be rendering a service by indicating the fallacies which underlie the Anglican delusion, and providing some material by which it can be dispossessed.

It is becoming that we should commence with an acknowledgment of the services rendered by the Catholic Truth Society. The tracts entitled *Church Defence*, of which there are two series, taken together with Canon Croft's *Continuity of the Church*, also published by this Society, are excellently written, and really contain all the information which is essential to the understanding and determination of the controversy. Readers should make themselves acquainted with their contents, and should do their best to spread them. It would also be good to compare with them a pamphlet recently published by Dr. Littledale, under the eccentric name of *Words for Truth*. The pamphlet professes to be a reply to the tracts, and is such in the sense in which the word is understood by controversialists of the school of this writer. That is to say, it carefully ignores all that has been urged by its opponents, and endeavours to draw off attention to other issues. We trust the new issues will be taken up, as they can easily be taken up, by the Catholic Truth Society. Meanwhile a comparison of the pamphlet with the tracts it professes to answer offers an instructive contrast between the simplicity of statement which belongs to Truth, and the darkening of counsel to which Error is reduced.

We shall have to travel over a portion of the ground covered by these tracts, but our purpose is somewhat distinct from theirs. Lord Selborne's *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*, although dealing with a wider issue, and attempting to meet the Liberationist indictment at all points, devotes one or two of its earlier chapters to this question o

continuity, and these chapters have been accepted by Anglicans as the standard exposition of their case, not only against the Liberationists, but also against "the claims of Rome." Under these circumstances it seems desirable that they should be submitted to a more direct examination on the part of Catholics than they have hitherto received. It is hardly necessary to say that we undertake the task with the fullest respect for the authority which rightly attaches to the great legal reputation and high character of Lord Selborne.

We may begin by taking note of an admission: "If the Pope were admitted to be, by Divine right, the supreme, infallible, and absolute governor of all true Churches, it might doubtless follow, that the rejection of his authority was heresy, and that the sentences of Interdict and Excommunication pronounced against England by Paul the Third and Pius the Fifth deprived the Church of England of the character of a true Church."¹ In which case, as we gather from the context to which the passage belongs, and as is of its own nature obvious, the succession would remain with that portion of the existing community which refused to follow the main body into the heresy referred to, but remained faithful to its allegiance. The determination of the question of continuity is in this manner made to depend upon the issue of the general controversy, and the practical result is that, while those who have satisfied themselves on general grounds that the Papacy is of divine institution are justified in at once claiming the rights and endowments (spiritual and temporal) which belonged to the Old Church, Anglicans, who are equally convinced that the Papal authority is usurped, are likewise justified in at once claiming the same rights and endowments for themselves. If this argument is valid, it does not appear why there should be any necessity of an historical inquiry into the beliefs of our forefathers. In fact the greater part of Lord Selborne's chapters is rendered superfluous. We are surprised also, that the author does not perceive how perilous a weapon he is placing in the hands of his Liberationist antagonists. What is to prevent a further application of this same principle, according to which those who firmly believe episcopacy to be a corrupt accretion upon the original constitution of the Christian Church, or those who believe the true character of the Church to be that of a department of State in a Christian kingdom, may in like manner

¹ P. 85.

claim to have legal effect given to their ideas? Why should they not claim the adoption of their own scheme of ecclesiastical organization, either in place of, or along with, that at present exclusively prevailing, so that without sacrifice to conscience they may enter into their just portion of the national inheritance? This, it is true, belongs to the political aspect into which we have declined to enter. But we refer to it in order to prepare the way for a protest against present Anglican views as to what are the essentials of a truly constituted portion of the Church Catholic being assumed as the criterion by which the question of continuity is to be determined. What in the estimation of our pre-Reformation forefathers was regarded as essential? It is that which gave its character to the Church to which they belonged. It is that, and not later views, which should be taken as the basis of settlement. If the Creed of our forefathers in regard to this particular point of the essentials of a truly constituted Church is found to be realized in the present condition of the Anglican communion, then it is granted that continuity lies with the Anglicans, and not with us. On the other hand, if it is in the (Roman) Catholic communion that the conditions which would have satisfied our forefathers are found, then continuity lies with us.

The Anglican theory takes the Church Universal to be an aggregate of many National Churches, each of which has a distinct organization of its own, and is fully independent of the rest. Intercommunion is most desirable, and even obligatory if obtainable without sacrifice of truth. But it is not essential, and, when a local Church, out of loyalty to truth and in the legitimate exercise of its responsibility, feels constrained to interrupt it, and so far forth to isolate itself from the main body, it does not on that account cease to be a duly constituted portion of the Church Universal. On the same grounds the recognition of some sort of Primacy in the Bishop of Rome may be desirable in itself as a point of ecclesiastical arrangement conducive to the easier maintenance of intercommunion and common action, but the recognition is voluntary, and should be withdrawn as soon as the Popes attempt to convert it into a domination. The Catholic theory, on the other hand, takes the Church Universal to be no mere voluntary confederation of independent units, but a single organic whole, the duty of intercommunion being obligatory and essential, in such sort that a local Church withdrawing from it is thereby reduced to the

condition of an amputated limb: the life of the organism no longer flows through the arteries, all share in its spiritual endowments is lost. The needful provision for the maintenance of these essential conditions is held to have been made by the establishment of a single see as a centre of unity, the obligation of unconditional submission and unconditional intercommunion in regard to it being imposed by divine appointment upon all local Churches. There can be no dispute that this is the issue between modern Anglicans and modern Catholics. To which side belongs the pre-Reformation Church of this country? According to the answer rendered must the decision be given whether the one or the other of the rival claimants is its true representative to our age, and the lawful inheritor of its name, its traditions, and its spiritual (if not temporal) endowments.² In seeking evidence on the historical question, we shall do well to concentrate attention upon the single point which involves the whole contention. Was the admission of Papal Supremacy, which no one in his senses will deny to have obtained in the Old Church, an admission the recognized basis of which was

² We may call attention here to a point of terminology. The widely-circulated *Case for Disestablishment* speaks of "the complete identification of the pre-Reformation Church in England with the *Church of Rome*" (p. 34). The fact which it affirms is correct, as we hope to show, but the terminology, though common among Protestants, is not ours. By the "Church of Rome" Protestants are in the habit of designating the entirety of the Churches which acknowledge the Headship of the Pope. We mean by the phrase the local Church of Rome as distinguished from the Churches which own its rule, and which are called the Church of Westminster, of Liverpool, &c.; or, if we group by nations, the Church of France, the Church of Spain, &c. In popular parlance, we naturally avoid now the phrase "Church of England" as descriptive of ourselves. It would lead to misconceptions. But in the recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, declaring the beatification of the English Martyrs we read, that the Holy See "permitted the Martyrs of the English Church (*Ecclesia Anglicana*), ancient and modern alike, to be exhibited (in painting on the church walls), among whom were also those who suffered for the Faith and the Primacy of the Roman Pontiff from 1535 to 1583, under King Henry and Elizabeth." Obviously the Church of England here referred to is not the Church by Law Established. This was also the use of terms in pre-Reformation times. It would not be so necessary to call attention to this discrepancy between Catholic and Protestant phraseology, were it not that a spurious argument has been built upon it. The local Church of Rome is understood in these days to disallow the existence of other local Churches, whilst claiming for herself universal extension. Hence when they find that the middle ages drew a clear distinction between the Church of Rome and, for instance, the Church of England, Anglicans draw the conclusion that the modern Church of Rome has changed its policy. The simple occurrence of the designation "Church of England," seems to them to prove their view of Church organization to be correct. When the terminology is understood, it is at once perceived that both now and of old the Church of Rome claims, not to be everywhere, but to rule everywhere.

divine appointment, or ecclesiastical institution? If the former, it was presumably considered absolute; if the latter, revocable.

Although it is the character, not the bare fact of the Primacy recognized by our forefathers in the Holy See which is disputed, it is nevertheless desirable that readers should have some conception of the extent to which the recognition was carried. Our task falls then into two divisions. We have to show (1) that the recognition was as universal then, as it is among Catholics of the present day; (2) that it was a recognition resting on the same doctrinal ground of a divine institution. Following the only sound method, we shall for the present confine our attention to the Norman and Plantagenet period. In seeking to trace back continuity, we should commence with the later age and step by step go backwards.

II.

Recognition of the supremacy existed under every form under which it could be expected.

I.—IN REGARD TO THE APPOINTMENT OF BISHOPS.

Although the Chapters might elect, or Kings appoint, an archbishop to his see, he was not considered to be duly constituted till the election had been ratified by the Papal confirmation. The part of the electors was merely to name the person: it was the confirmation which gave him the spiritual jurisdiction by which his subjects were made amenable to his rule in the court of conscience. Thus the Prior and Chapter of Canterbury (A.D. 1293) announce to the Pope, whom they call "the Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church," that they have canonically elected Robert Winchelsey to their archbishopric. "Wherefore," they add, "we have determined . . . to supplicate your gracious Majesty . . . to deign mercifully to console the Church of Canterbury, the devoted daughter of our mother the Holy Roman Church, which has long suffered the hardships of widowhood . . . and canonically confirm our election of the venerable man, Master Robert Winchelsey . . . consecrate and return to us our elect."³ Celestine the Fifth replies: "We therefore finding the election . . . to have been canonically made, with the advice of our brethren, have confirmed it by apostolic authority, and have set the same Robert over the said Church of Canterbury as its archbishop and pastor, after which we have caused him to be

³ Wilkins' *Concilia*, ii. p. 193.

consecrated by the said Bishop (of St. Sabina) and have given him the pallium, that is, the symbol of the Pontifical office taken from the body of Blessed Peter, the said Robert having earnestly solicited it as became him. . . ."⁴ At times the choice of the Chapter (or the King) fell upon one who was already in possession of a see. In that case, by the prescriptions of the sacred canons, the candidate was ineligible and a further exercise of the Pontifical power was required to remove the impediment. The electors no longer elect, but postulate, that is, they request the Holy See to allow the person they desire to be accepted, although by strict law ineligible. Thus in A.D. 1333, the Chapter of Canterbury wished to have John Stratford, who was at the time Bishop of Winchester. They first ask the bishop to accept the postulation. Had it been an election, he would, or might, have accepted it simply. As it is a postulation, he answers in the usual manner, mindful of the tie which bound him to Winchester: "I neither give nor withhold consent to the postulation, but submit myself entirely in the matter to the good pleasure of the Lord Pope." The Chapter then write to the Pope "supplicating your Holiness with devotion, humility, and unanimous desire to favour the said postulation and give paternal assent to the translation of the said John, Bishop of Winchester. . . ."⁵ The postulation is backed by the King (Edward the Third). In the answer received John the Twenty-Second says: "By the advice of our said brethren (the Cardinals) and in the plenitude of the apostolic authority, we have absolved you from the tie by which you were bound to the said Church of Winchester, over which you then presided, and translate you to the said Church of Canterbury, placing you over it as its archbishop and pastor, &c."⁶

The Bull in which the appointment is made is a Bull of Provision. That is to say, the Pope declares that having on this occasion reserved to himself the determination of the person, he provides for the Church of Canterbury the said Thomas Stratford. Why the Papal answer should take this form in this instance is not clear. The Pope's choice coincides with that of the Chapter, and it is presumable the coincidence was not altogether accidental, although Birchington says it was. Anyhow, the Pope is in substance acceding to their postulation. The practice of Provision involves a still further exercise of the supremacy than simple confirmation, or than the dispensation of

⁴ Wilkins' *Concilia*, ii. p. 198.

⁵ *Ibid.* p. 566.

⁶ *Ibid.* p. 569.

a canonical impediment. When it is employed, the appointment proceeds from the Pope under all aspects. Nevertheless, it is the act of confirmation which is of most importance to us at present, since it is the solicitation of this as an essential requirement, which witnesses to the recognition of the Papacy as the fountain of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The bearing upon our subject of the resistance offered by the English kings to the Papal provisions, will be considered in another article.

There was yet another bond of attachment between the Archbishop and the Holy See. He must obtain his Pallium. The Pallium is a fillet of white wool, looped in the middle so that it may be cast over the shoulders. Information as to its original use and meaning can be obtained from Thomassin.⁷ It seems to have been originally an imperial vestment, the use of which was conceded to the Church by the first Christian Emperors. Long before the period with which we are engaged, it had come to be regarded as the symbol of the royalty of St. Peter, and was accordingly sent to those who were deputed to participate in this royalty by acting as Vicars of the Holy See in the various provinces. The first trace of its use in the West is in a letter of Pope Vigilius to Auxanius of Arles: "That you who hold our place may not be without the distinction of the pallium, by the holy authority of Blessed Peter we grant you its use, as our predecessor, Symmachus of blessed memory, granted it to your predecessor."⁸ The date of Vigilius is A.D. 538—550; that of Symmachus A.D. 498—514.

Pope Paschal the Second, writing in A.D. 1102 to the Archbishop of the Poles, informs him that "in the pallium the plenitude of the Pontifical office is granted, because without it, according to the custom of the Apostolic See and the custom of the entire Church, Metropolitans are by no means permitted to consecrate bishops or to hold synods."⁹ Similar instruction had previously been given to the Bulgarians by Nicholas the First in A.D. 1071,¹⁰ and is a true account of what we find in the records of the periods. St. Anselm is indeed said by Eadmer to have consecrated a Bishop of Lincoln at a time when his pallium had not yet been received. This may have been because the opposition of William Rufus, who, professing to recognize the Antipope Guibert instead of Urban, prevented the Archbishop from

⁷ *Vetus et Nova Ecclesiæ Disciplina*, De Beneficiis, part i. lib. ii. cap. 5.

⁸ Apud Thomassin, *ibid.* cap. 54.

⁹ *Ibid.* cap. 57.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

obtaining his pallium till some time after his consecration. But we have Anselm's own acknowledgment of the importance of possessing it. "If I, a Metropolitan, consecrated to the episcopate, neither seek the Pope in person nor ask the pallium during the whole of my first year (of office), I justly deserve to be deprived of the dignity."¹¹

The form by which the pallium was sought and obtained is given by Wilkins,¹² from the Canterbury Registers, in the case of Archbishop Winchelsey.

Form of Petition for the Pallium.

"Your devoted daughter, the Church of Canterbury, asks that the pallium, taken from¹³ the body of the Blessed Peter, may be granted to its elect, who has been consecrated, in order that he may have the plenitude of his office: and for this it supplicates your Holiness with earnestness and urgency."

Form for the Delivery of the Pallium.

"To the honour of Almighty God, of Blessed Mary the Virgin, of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, of the Lord Pope Celestine, and of the Holy Roman Church, as likewise of the Church entrusted to you, we deliver to you the pallium taken from the body of Blessed Peter, that is to say, the plenitude of the Pontifical office: in order that you may use it within your Church on the fixed days, which are stated in the privileges granted by the Apostolic See."

Form of Oath taken by the Archbishop on receiving the Pallium.

"I, Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, from this hour forward, will be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, to the Holy Apostolic Roman Church, to my Lord Pope Celestine and his successors canonically entering. I will not join in any counsel, or agreement, or deed, to deprive them of life or limb, or to bring them into captivity. I will disclose to no one any counsel which may have been entrusted to me, whether by themselves, or their nuncios, or by letters, in any way which to my knowledge will cause them harm. I will give aid, saving my order,¹⁴ to defend

¹¹ *Ibid.*

¹² Vol. ii. p. 199.

¹³ The *pallia*, after their consecration by the Pope, were placed for the night upon the tomb of St. Peter, thence to be sent to the Metropolitans. Thus was symbolized the truth that the grant of Metropolitan power was a participation of St. Peter's royalty.

¹⁴ *i.e.*, so far as the canons which forbid bloodshed to an ecclesiastic permit.

and to maintain, against every man, the Papacy of the Roman Church and the royalty of St. Peter ; when called to a synod I will come, unless hindered by a canonical impediment. I will treat with honour the Legate of the Apostolic See in his coming and returning, and I will help him in his needs. I will visit the thresholds of the Apostles every three years, either in person or by my deputy, unless I be absolved by Apostolic dispensation. The possessions which appertain to my episcopal board, I will not sell, or give away, or pledge, or enfeoff afresh, or alienate in any way without having first consulted the Roman Pontiff. So may God help me, and these holy Gospels."

Beyond even the metropolitan office, which the evidence given shows to have been regarded as a grant from Rome, was the office of *legatus natus*, which from the time of William de Corboyl (A.D. 1127), the Archbishops of Canterbury, and, in a less degree, of York, mostly received. But of this we can say nothing for want of space.

The confirmation of simple Bishops according to the discipline of the Middle Ages does not seem to have been ordinarily reserved to the Popes, but was left to the Metropolitan. Thus (in A.D. 1293) we have the Prior of Canterbury, the custodian of the spiritualities during the vacancy of the archbishopric, confirming the election made by the Chapter of St. Asaph of Llewellyn de Bromfeld to the bishopric of their see.¹⁵ For an instance when, the metropolitan see being vacant, the Chapter send direct to Rome for confirmation, see Wilkins.¹⁶ In case of dispute, reference was at once made to the Holy See. For example, a complaint was made to Martin the Fourth against Archbishop Peckham in A.D. 1281 for not confirming the election of a candidate chosen to the See of Winchester. Peckham writes to justify himself ; says he has acted out of the best of motives and in loyalty to the Holy See itself, whose right would have been impaired by the confirmation ; he is well aware "that the Apostolic See has power to set aside rights (*dominari juribus*), and can do whatever is for the well-being of the Christian people" ; that from boyhood upwards he has been as faithfully attached as any Christian to the said See, and intends so to remain at all times ; that he has acted in virtue of powers given to Archbishops by Alexander the Fifth, &c.¹⁷

¹⁵ Wilkins, *Ibid.* p. 195.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* i. p. 568.

¹⁷ *Ibid.* ii. p. 63.

2.—IN REGARD TO THE RELATIVE PRE-EMINENCE OF SEES.

Soon after the Conquest a dispute arose between Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Thomas, Archbishop of York, concerning the independence of York, which the latter claimed and the former denied. A Council was held at Windsor to examine into the evidence of the adverse claims in A.D. 1072.¹⁸ Of this Lord Selborne says: "A dispute concerning precedence between the metropolitan Sees of Canterbury and York was determined by the award of Pope Alexander the Second's Legate: but expressly and on the face of the award, by the King's consent" (p. 15). The King's consent was of course desired. Without it the peaceable fulfilment of the settlement could not be expected. But "the award of the Legate" is a somewhat misleading term by which to describe the Pope's relation to the proceeding. The constitution signed by the king, legate, archbishops, bishops, and abbots declares the investigation to have been held at the mandate of Pope Alexander,¹⁹ and Lanfranc in the account sent to Rome gives us further details. He reminds the Pope that when, shortly before, he and his brother of York were together at the Papal Court, the controversy was brought forward: that "as became a holy and prudent pastor," Alexander "had issued an injunction in writing to the effect that a Council consisting of the English bishops, abbots, and other members of the regular clergy should hear the arguments on both sides, discuss and define": that this had been done with the result of making it clear to the Archbishop of York that his claim to independence could not be sustained. We learn also from Lanfranc's letter that the evidence turned upon the grants of former Popes. Lanfranc pleads "privileges and letters of Popes Gregory, Boniface, Honorius, Vitalian, Sergius, the other Gregory, Leo, and the latest Leo," as constituting "the decisive strength and certainty of the whole case."²⁰ The controversy was revived after this, particularly between Ralph of Canterbury and Thurstan of York in the reign of Henry the First, the Pope then inclining to the side of York, but refusing to decide absolutely until the two prelates had come in person to expound their pleas in his presence. A long letter from Ralph to Calixtus the Second is extant, giving a very detailed

¹⁸ *Ibid.* i. p. 324.

¹⁹ *Ibid.* p. 325.

²⁰ *Ibid.* p. 327.

exposition of the Canterbury arguments, again entirely based on the grants of the previous Popes. It is throughout full of acknowledgment of the Papal Primacy, and says that, with the single exception of the usurper Stigand, all the occupants of the See of Canterbury have been distinguished by devotion to the See of Rome: prays that in deference to their merits, if not to his own, Calixtus may decline to take away from Canterbury any of its ancient rights.²¹ A decision, on the whole favourable to York, was given by Honorius the Second in A.D. 1127 *circ.* It was taken as final.²² William of Malmesbury complains of a preceding Pope, Paschal the Second, for not having given a decision then.

If the Pope had expressly said: "The Church of Canterbury has had these and these dignities and I confirm them to it," he would have terminated the case and put an end to the controversies. But by saying: "Whatever is authentic we do not desire to impair," he left the matter undetermined.²³

There was a similar controversy concerning the metropolitan rights claimed by York over the Scotch bishoprics,²⁴ concerning the attempt of Winchester to be raised to an archbishopric in the reign of Stephen and of St. David's under Giraldus Cambrensis in the reign of John. In such cases the supremacy of the Roman See was recognized and appealed to by the claimants, the claim was based on previous Papal arrangements, and although the decisions were necessarily displeasing to the defeated side, although they were resisted for a time, their authority was never questioned.

3.—IN REGARD TO THE PRACTICE OF APPEALS TO ROME.

Lord Selborne, with others, contends that till the time of Stephen, Appeals to Rome were not in use. The statement is made on the authority of the chronicler, Henry of Huntingdon, who is understood to say that they were introduced by Henry of Blois, then Bishop of Winchester and Apostolic Legate. As we are not at present concerned with the Pre-Norman period, we shall not dispute the fact, which, properly understood, is perhaps correct. But the meaning of the chronicler may as easily be that Henry of Blois introduced the practice, not by

²¹ Wilkins, i. p. 396, ff. ²² *Ibid.* p. 407. ²³ *Gest. Pontific.* lib. i. sub finem.

²⁴ Concerning which see *History of Scotland*, by Dr. Bellesheim, just translated by Dom O. Hunter Blair. Tom i. chap. ix., &c.

making it legal, but by causing men to avail themselves of it. They were driven to desperation by his unjust Government, and their desperation overcame the difficulties of appealing to so distant a tribunal.²⁵ Anyhow, appeals were multiplied, as it is admitted they were multiplied, not because the Holy See showed any special anxiety to draw causes to its own tribunal, but because the appellants were anxious to take them there. Appeals are therefore a witness to the general recognition where the supreme authority lay. This witness is confirmed, not neutralized, by the opposition which the practice encountered at times. The opposition of imperious tyrants like William Rufus proves nothing: tyrants apart, the objection taken was not to the legitimacy of the court, but to the injustice and inadvisability of the practice. Thus Edward the Third, writing to Benedict the Twelfth (A.D. 1337) to protest against an appeal made direct to Rome over the head of the Archbishop by the Bishop of Winchester, urges the dignity of Canterbury, the great expenses, and the prolonged delay which appeals involve. This is to allow the right. In fact he recognizes it expressly:

The Apostolic See, although it has been established by God (*divinitus*) in the plenitude of power, is not accustomed to take away the right and the jurisdictions of inferior prelates called to a participation of its care, nor to reserve, without legitimate reason, to the examination of the Apostolic See, causes which ought to be heard in the localities (where they arise).²⁶

This testimony is all the more valuable as coming from the author of the Statute of *Præmunire*.

4.—IN REGARD TO THE RECOGNITION OF PAPAL LEGISLATION.

Lord Selborne says:

Neither the Pope nor any Foreign Council were admitted to have a right to make canons for the English Church. The English canon law consisted of such canons and ecclesiastical constitutions as had

²⁵ "This year Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury and Legate of the Apostolic See, held a General Council at London . . . the whole Council groaned with fresh appeals. For in England appeals were not in use, until Henry, Bishop of Winchester, while he was Legate, cruelly brought them in to his own disadvantage (*malò suo crudeliter intrusit*)" (Wilkins, i. 424). "In the same Council appeal was thrice made to an audience of the Roman Pontiff" (Henry of Hunt. in ann. 16 Stephani, ap. Migne, cxcv. 972). Further light is thrown on the allusion by Gervase of Canterbury (Rolls Series, vol. ii. p. 384). Archbishop Theobald could not stand the Bishop's conduct. So he appealed to Rome with the result of getting the office of Legate transferred to himself.

²⁶ Wilkins, ii. p. 584.

been lawfully made in England, and of such others, from whatever sources derived, as had been adopted and brought into use in England as part of the customary ecclesiastical law of the realm (p. 13).

It may be true that the civil law took this view. But the ecclesiastics certainly held Papal law to bind in virtue of its own intrinsic authority. Take the case of Investitures. As livery of seisin in the investiture of temporal tenants was performed by the delivery of some appropriate symbol of their holding, for instance, a clod of land, or a key, the practice arose for sovereigns to invest bishops with the temporalities of their sees by the delivery of the ring and pastoral staff. But these were the symbols of spiritual rule, and there was danger, not suspected in earlier times but afterwards realized, lest the sovereigns should come to regard themselves as the fountains of spiritual as well as of temporal jurisdiction. Hence the war of Gregory the Seventh against the usage. For some unknown reason Gregory's legislation was not extended to England earlier: but at the Council of Bari, at which St. Anselm was present, lay investitures were condemned under pain of excommunication. Afterwards we find Anselm steadily refusing to allow them.

In the year 1103 there was a great quarrel between King Henry and Archbishop Anselm, because the Archbishop refused to allow the King to confer investiture of churches, or to hold communion with those to whom the King had given churches: for the *apostolicus* had forbidden this to him and to everybody. Therefore the King ordered Gerard, the Archbishop of York, to consecrate the Bishops to whom he (the King) had himself given the investitures, *i.e.*, William Giffard and Roger who was his chaplain, to whom he had given the Church of Salisbury. Gerard undertook to fulfil the King's mandate, but William Giffard in the cause of justice contemned it, on which account he was despoiled of everything by the King's sentence, and was banished the kingdom. The others remained unconsecrated. Reinelm also had shortly before resigned into the King's hands the bishopric of Hereford, for he understood that he had offended God by receiving investiture of a church at the hands of a layman.²⁷

Eventually a compromise was made. Here is evidence enough that the Pope's power to legislate was recognized. A perusal of the entire history, as it is given by Eadmer,²⁸ brings out still more

²⁷ R. Hoveden, ap. Wilkins, i. p. 384. See also to the same effect Symeon of Durham, ii. 235, Rolls Series.

²⁸ *Historia Novorum*, lib. 3, ap. Migne, *Patr. Lat.* tom. 159, p. 496.

clearly that the recognition was general. When Mr. Freeman²⁹ exclaims indignantly: A foreign prelate "took upon himself to denounce the laws of England and of Normandy as accursed. A foreign prelate dared to decree, that what no man had scrupled to do in the days of King Edward and in the days of King William, could no longer be done without drawing down on the doer the wrath of Heaven and Heaven's supposed Vicegerent," &c., he is giving expression to the feelings of nineteenth-century Anglicanism, not of eleventh-century Catholicism. Eadmer, speaking of the Conciliar decree, the promulgation of which he witnessed, and feeling sure of the approval of his readers, says: "We were present on the occasion, we beheld it done, we heard the voices of all present crying out: 'Fiat, fiat!' and we know that the Council was thus concluded."³⁰ The difference between the morality of the action in the reigns of Edward or William and in that of Henry, was none, if the Pope had no authority to legislate. It was everything if he had.

We may take another instance from the days of Edward the First. Boniface the Eighth sent in A.D. 1296 a Bull forbidding the clergy to yield to the royal demands on Church property until the leave of the Holy See had been obtained. Archbishop Winchelsey at once promulgates it through the Bishop of London, the Dean of the Province, not on the ground that the legislation has his approval, but on the ground that it has emanated from the Pope: "Wishing, as is our duty, to execute what is commanded, we enjoin," &c.³¹ The King was urgent, and Edward was a man to back up his demands with deeds. The Bishops assembled in Council at London to agree upon action. Some present were timid, and "courting royal and temporal favour,"³² endeavoured to prove that in time of war the clergy might lawfully assist the King out of their benefices, in spite of the Apostolic prohibition. But Winchelsey, a man whom the ancient Church revered for his virtues and sought to canonize, was not to be moved by such casuistry. "They went away with their consciences burdened by the Archbishop, who said: 'Let each *save his soul*.'" ³³ Eventually they told the King they could not transgress the Papal Bull, but that they would make representations at Rome how reasonable the royal demands were, and they had no doubt of a favourable

²⁹ *Norman Conquest*, vol. v. p. 143.

³⁰ *Hist. Nov. ibid.* p. 421.

³¹ Wilkins, tom. ii. p. 223.

³² 'Matthew of Westminster' in *ann.* 1297, ap. Wilkins, *ibid.* p. 225. ³³ *Ibid.*

response. This took place in A.D. 1296-7. Later on, A.D. 1300-2, the condition of the country grew serious, owing to the ravages made by the Scotch during the war. Two letters of Winchelsey to Boniface the Eighth are recorded in his registers: one in A.D. 1300, which commencing with the most profound profession of obedience ("Robert . . . kisses the sacred feet, with all promptitude to obey the Papal mandates and precepts to the extent of his power"), acquaints the Pope with the manner in which under extreme difficulties he had taken to Edward in Scotland a Bull commanding the King to release the imprisoned ecclesiastics," &c.³⁴ The second begs leave for the clergy to grant a subsidy to the King on the ground that there is a real reason for it, and the Church will be the gainer. The following passage is much in point.

The authority of the Apostolic pre-eminence (*sublimitatis*) requires that its statutes, wisely enacted for the defence of ecclesiastical right and liberty, even though to some they may appear difficult, should be unconditionally (*irrefragabiliter*) obeyed by all Christians, and especially by ecclesiastical prelates. Nevertheless, out of consideration for persons, matters, places, and times, it is expedient that they should be tempered by the prudence of the apostolic administration, when urgent necessity or evident utility requires it . . . Wherefore we humbly supplicate your Holiness, after having diligently considered the foregoing, to deign to grant us permission, &c.³⁵

These words also suggest the principles according to which particular provisions of the general ecclesiastical law failed to bind (in conscience) in England. It was not as Lord Selborne suggests³⁶ because the Pope's right to enact was disallowed, but because, after receiving representations to the effect that the circumstances of the country rendered the law inadvisable, the Popes did not insist. Among such circumstances no doubt royal resistance might at times have to be reckoned. But the proper procedure, as the passage quoted implies, was understood to be for the prelates to make representations to the Holy See and abide by its decision. Further and stronger evidences to the same effect may be obtained from Archbishop Peckham's Constitutions promulgated at Lambeth in A.D. 1281.

And because violation of (decrees of) the Council of Lyons is the more grievous in proportion to the recency of its holding, in order that no one may excuse himself for his temerity (in disobeying), we desire it (the legislation of Lyons) to be read first: not only that all may know

³⁴ *Ibid.* p. 263.³⁵ *Ibid.* p. 274.³⁶ P. 13.

of it, but also that if any of its contents seem incompatible with the custom of this region, which in many respects is distinct from all others, abatement in regard to it may be humbly implored of the Apostolic See.³⁷

Recognition of the legislative power of the Apostolic See is also involved in the recognition of authority in the Legatine Councils. Many of them were held at different times under the presidency of legates sent from Rome. Those of Otho, A.D. 1237,³⁸ and Othobon, A.D. 1268,³⁹ received a very prominent place in English canon law, and were made the subject of a commentary by John de Athona, a canonist of repute during the reign of Edward the First. And be it observed, the enacting power in such Councils is always attributed to the Legate, not to the Bishops who sat with him.

5.—IN REGARD TO PAPAL ADMINISTRATION GENERALLY.

In the foregoing it has not been possible to do more than select a few signal instances out of many in support of our position, nor can we carry on the inquiry into other branches of Papal administration. In some slight degree the deficiency may be supplied from Lord Selborne himself, who allows, inasmuch as he complains, that the Popes were able—

To establish a large system of practical interference with the liberties of the English Church, chiefly by means of dispensations and bulls purporting to grant or confirm titles, exemptions, privileges, and nominations or elections to church offices, and by various kinds of pecuniary exactions. Papal bulls of confirmation were constantly obtained, even for things as to which the primary and exclusive power of the Civil Government was most indisputable. (Indisputable that is in the writer's judgment.) Thus in A.D. 1138, &c. (p. 35).

The reader has only to open Wilkins' *Concilia*, from which we have intentionally taken as many as possible of our references, to see how true is the statement quoted. The *Concilia* is saturated from end to end of the period we are considering with evidences of the implicit recognition accorded to the Papal Supremacy: that is to its substance, for we are not yet concerned with disputes about the frontier line between the temporal and spiritual.

³⁷ *Ibid.* p. 51.

³⁸ *Ibid.* tom. i. p. 649.

³⁹ *Ibid.* tom. ii, p. 1.

III.

We have to remind the reader of the two points which were laid down at the commencement of this article as requiring to be established, in order to prove the identity of the pre-Reformation creed with that held by Catholics in opposition to Anglicans: viz., (1) that the Papal Supremacy was fully recognized; (2) that it was recognized as an institution of divine, not human appointment. The first point has been sufficiently demonstrated. We might even seem open to the accusation of having wasted space to prove what no one denies. But although known to the student, it may not be realized by the general reader. It is hardly the impression which he would gather from such a book as Lord Selborne's. Still less would he gather it from such a proposition as the following, which the Church Defence Institution in their leaflet *The English Church never Roman Catholic*, find it in their conscience to commend to the public as a truthful summary description of the times with which we have been engaged.

It is true that in later years the Pope of Rome interfered largely in the government of the Church of England, that he nominated bishops and took first fruits from the clergy, but his power was always looked upon as usurped, and all money paid to him under protest.

While such teaching is abroad, a short summary such as we have given is not superfluous.

The second of our two points need not detain us so long. On what grounds was this recognition of the supremacy based? After what has been submitted, it would be an insult to the reader's common sense to attempt to prove to him that it was no case with our forefathers of reluctantly submitting to "a power always looked upon as usurped." Is acquiescence a correct description of its character? Thus Bishop Stubbs⁴⁰ says:

The promulgation of the successive portions of the Decretals [the letters written by the Popes for the determining matters of controversy, and having the authority of law] was a Papal act to which Christendom at large gave a silent acquiescence.

With this view Lord Selborne seems to coincide:

The policy of the Court of Rome, aided by the connivance of our Kings (to whom it was always convenient to be on good terms with so

⁴⁰ *Constitutional History*, vol. iii. p. 348, quoted by the *Case for Disestablishment*, p. 33.

great a moral and political power), and the influence upon our clergy of the Roman canon law, had enabled them to establish, &c.⁴¹ (p. 35).

If it was acquiescence, what induced them to acquiesce? Granted that the kings found it convenient to be on good terms with so great a moral and political power; but how came the Holy See to be a great moral and political power? The theory begs the question. If *potestas Pontificum corda populorum*, if the power of the Pontiffs rested on the deep-rooted belief of the faithful that the authority of the Pontificate came from God and that its decisions would be ratified in Heaven, then we can understand why it was a mighty power which kings must needs take into account. If this hypothesis is rejected, it is the theorist's duty to supply another which will suffice. In like manner, how came the Roman Canon Law to influence the clergy of a nation which was insular in its prejudices, independent in its disposition, restive against foreign rule, as much then as now? Elsewhere Lord Selborne seems to suggest, as a sufficient explanation of the mystery, that the Pope was acknowledged to be Patriarch of the West.

In the days of religious unity the Bishop of Rome was regarded as, to some extent, and for some purpose, Primate or Metropolitan Bishop of Western Christendom (p. 6).

And again:

As long as there was free intercourse between the different parts of Western Christendom, there was necessarily free intercourse between the English and foreign Churches. And the Metropolitan character of the See of Rome (retained from the days of the Roman Empire) always gave to the occupants of that See great influence and moral weight. But this was a different thing from acknowledged lawful jurisdiction and authoritative control (p. 14).

A very different thing, no doubt. The issue between us could not be better defined. But then it is "acknowledged lawful jurisdiction and authoritative control" to which the facts speak, and not merely "great influence and moral weight." If the acknowledgment of lawful jurisdiction was rendered to the Pope in his quality of Metropolitan of the West only, that is to say, we suppose, in his quality as one of the three patriarchs recognized by the Council of Nicæa, such acknowledgment must have left some traces of its existence. Why,

⁴¹ For continuation of quotation, see above, p. 472.

then, are they not produced? Surely a point so fundamental to the theory of our opponents should be proved, not assumed.

We may rest assured that the proof required will not be forthcoming. Meanwhile there is plenty to show that the real motive which actuated the submission rendered by our forefathers was the belief in a divine commission given to the successors of St. Peter as Heads of the Universal Church. As it is necessary to be brief, we pass over such evidence of this assertion as is involved in the very nature of the authority attributed to them in so consistent a manner—an authority so far-reaching, so absolute, that nothing less than divine appointment could bear the strain. We pass over the proof involved in the flood of Papal letters ever pouring into the country and ever appealing to this justification of their claim, without eliciting a word of remonstrance. We pass over such addresses as “Supreme Pontiff of the Holy Roman and of the *Universal Church* ;” such expressions of reverence as “devoutly kiss his feet,” “kiss his sacred feet”; such professions of unconditional obedience as those of Grosseteste (*vide infra*): although these, taken in connexion with the claim to divine origin made in the Papal letters, can only be regarded as a virtual recognition of its validity. We must be content to submit two or three utterances of representative men—utterances well known, but not less conclusive on that account. St. Anselm, addressing the subservient Bishops sent by the King to demand submission to his impious customs, says :

Since you who are called pastors of the Christian people, and you who are called chiefs of the nation, will not give counsel to me your chief, save according to the will of one man, I will speed me to the Supreme Pastor, the Chief of all, the Angel of Good Counsel, and in my cause, nay, rather in His cause and the cause of His Church, I will receive from Him counsel that I will follow. He says to Peter, the most blessed of the Apostles, “*Thou art Peter, and upon this rock,*” &c. He says also to all the Apostles alike, “*He that heareth you, heareth Me : and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me, and he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of Mine eye.*” As we know these words to have been addressed primarily to Blessed Peter, and in Him to the other Apostles, so we hold them to have been said primarily to the Vicar of Blessed Peter, and through him to the other bishops who hold the place of the Apostles : not to any emperor, or any king, or duke, or count. But wherein we must be subject to earthly princes and serve them, the same Angel of Great Counsel teaches and instructs us, saying, “*Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.*”

These are the words, this the counsel of God. These I allow, these I receive, these I will in no wise transgress. Wherefore let all likewise know, that in the things of God I will render obedience to the Vicar of Blessed Peter; in the things which of right belong to the earthly dignity of my Lord the King I will give faithful counsel and assistance according to my power.⁴²

Had these words been spoken in our own days, it might have been possible to evade their force by styling them "Anselm's views." But in those days Christians had faith, not views. The Saint spoke in the full consciousness that his profession of faith would find a sympathetic echo in all true hearts, and could not be contravened by his enemies. And indeed his poor craven suffragans, as they stood quivering before the tyrant, were compelled to acknowledge that "nothing could be said to impair the force of Anselm's reasoning, the more because it all rests on the words of God and the authority of Blessed Peter."⁴³ We have, in fact, in Anselm the voice of his age, the voice of the entire middle ages, which regarded him as a saint and discerned his title to sanctity in this very fact of his unflinching obedience to the divinely appointed Vicar of Christ. When we have Anselm's testimony, it is scarcely worth while citing that of his companion Eadmer. But the reader may find Eadmer speaking in exactly the same sense, in the fourth book of the *Historia Novorum*, where he is defending the rights of Canterbury against York. St. Thomas à Becket shall be our next witness, but it is not necessary to quote from him. No one will deny that he is for us. He was singled out by Henry the Eighth for posthumous punishment on that very ground. "He had been canonized by the Bishop of Rome as the champion of his usurped authority." So ran his indictment in the royal proclamation of November 16, 1538. And yet St. Thomas also speaks not for himself only, but for all who recognized his resistance to the King on behalf of the imprescriptible rights of the Holy See to be the great glory of the English Church. A third witness, who may speak for the following century, is Robert Grosseteste, the celebrated Bishop of Lincoln. He used to receive from Protestants the doubtful distinction of being reckoned as a harbinger of the Reformation, a distinction gained by his outspoken refusal to induct into a benefice of his diocese a nominee of the reigning Pontiff whom he found

⁴² Eadmer, *Hist. Nov.*, Migne, *ibid.* p. 382.

⁴³ *Ibid.* p. 385.

unfit for the charge. Provided the facts were such as he alleged, there was nothing in this which did not consist with a fervent acknowledgment of the supremacy. The conduct of Grosseteste has elicited admiration from Catholics as well as Protestants. But it is illustrative of the boldness, the honesty, and the holiness which gained for him the veneration of his age and almost obtained his canonization. In the utterances of such a man we may feel assured that we have reflected the creed which the best of his contemporaries professed. Now, in the very letter which contains his refusal to accept the Papal nominee, Grosseteste says that to "the Most Holy Apostolic See all power has been entrusted for edification, not destruction, by the Holy of Holies our Lord Jesus Christ," and that he is ready to obey all apostolic mandates which do not lose their character of apostolicity by being manifestly wrong.⁴⁴ In another letter, addressed to Gregory the Ninth, he tells him that beyond the general duty of subjection by which not only the Christian people, but the whole human race, is bound to the Roman Pontiff, and without the discharge of which none can obtain salvation, he desires to be attached in a special manner to the person of Gregory, and therefore asks to have some special task assigned him, the execution of which may be a pledge of his obedience.⁴⁵ In the letter next following,⁴⁶ amongst much similar language, he says that "to the Holy Roman Church is due from every son of the Church the most devoted obedience, the most reverential veneration, the most fervent love, the most submissive fear;" because it is to the Universal Church what the sun is to the heavens. Such language is continually occurring in his letters. Occasionally, as above, it explicitly attributes the Papal authority to its divine source; but the same attribution is always implicit in expressions of reverence, the intense tone of which is inconsistent with the purely mundane origin of their object.

The testimony of these thoroughly representative Bishops has witnessed to the faith of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Two kings shall certify for the fourteenth and fifteenth, respectively. Edward the Second, during the vacancy of the Holy See which intervened between the Pontificates of Clement the Fifth and John the Twenty-Second, writes to a Roman

⁴⁴ Grosseteste's Letters, Rolls Series, Letter 128, p. 436.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, Letter 35, p. 123, ff.

⁴⁶ *Ibid.* p. 126.

Cardinal to protest against the delay in providing the Church with a pastor.

The mysteries of man's redemption being accomplished, the only-begotten Son of God, Jesus Christ, when about to return to His Father, in order that He might not leave the flock redeemed with His Blood, bereft of a Pastor, committed the care of it to Blessed Peter the Apostle, and in his person to his successors the Roman Pontiffs, to be ruled by them in succession for ever, according to an immutable order (*tradidit dispositione incommutabili*): wishing that the Roman Church, which is the Mother and Instructress for the time being of all the faithful, should . . . Is it not an intense grief to all her children, if the Roman Mother Church, in which the trees of knowledge and salvation have been planted through the Divine appointment by the rivers of water, is left for a long time without a Pastor, and the flock permitted to wander in uncertainty (*in bivio*).⁴⁷

The King's expostulation is eloquent in its assertion of the intimate dependence of the Church's life upon the administration of the Pontiffs. And yet we are assured by the Church Defence Institution⁴⁸ that their meddling was restricted to unwelcome interference in the collation of benefices and oppressive exaction of subsidies! Henry the Sixth, in a letter to the Council of Basle—a Council which, inheriting ideas evoked by the Great Schism, held an equivocal position, yet claimed to represent the Universal Church—upbraids it for its resistance to the reigning Pontiff, Eugenius the Fourth. Eugenius had translated the Council to Ferrara, in order that the Greeks might have greater facilities of access. The Council pronounced the act of translation null and void. The case is, therefore, much in point, as, according to Anglican principles, the claim of the Council to superiority was sound. It is also valuable as bringing out the difference between acknowledging an individual claimant in times of exceptional uncertainty, and acknowledging the Pontificate in itself. Henry the Sixth writes:

When the said act of translation reached you, you undertook to annul it. What else is now to be expected, save that the sentence of Christ's Vicar should annul what you have decreed, should pronounce firm and stable what you have annulled: and yet from the very cradle of the Christian religion his authority has been regarded as most manifest, and the plenitude of his power revered with all possible veneration. . . . What Christ's Vicar binds, you try to loose; what he looses, you bind; what he opens, you shut; what he shuts, you open.

⁴⁷ Wilkins, ii. p. 450.

⁴⁸ *Vide supra*, p. 474.

. . . If, reverend Fathers, this unhappy quarrel were about a fact, ignorance of which sometimes deceives the most prudent, even as formerly the rival claimants to the Papacy contended with one another, then it would be more tolerable, and the faithful of Christ might entertain some hope of the controversy being terminated through the intervention of Christian kings or otherwise. But since between you and the undoubted Vicar of Christ, who is supported by the adherence of the Cardinals of the Roman Church and no small portion of Christians, the question is not one of fact, but of right divine and ecclesiastical, not so easily will this fever, this sickness penetrating, so to speak, to the very marrow of the Christian law, receive its cure and removal from the judgment of the wise.⁴⁰

It will be noticed that the language of the two kings, like that of the two prelates, is absolute and objective in its tone. It gives us, then, not merely the belief of the speakers, but the unquestioned belief of their times.

Here we must be content to conclude the present article. Our claim is to have demonstrated so far that the Supremacy, such as it is acknowledged by modern Catholics, was similarly acknowledged universally during the Norman and Plantagenet periods, and acknowledged as an institution of divine appointment: acknowledged, therefore, as an essential constitutive of the organization of the Catholic Church.

S. F. S.

⁴⁰ *Correspondence of Bekynton*, Rolls Series, vol. ii. pp. 39, 40.

Bernadette Soubirous and her Visions of Our Lady.

MANY of our readers have probably read M. Lasserre's picturesque account of the appearance of Our Lady to Bernadette, and of the early history of the Grotto at Lourdes. If I had nothing more to tell, I should hesitate about writing the story of that favoured child of Heaven. But years have passed since M. Lasserre devoted his skilful pen to the service of Our Lady of Lourdes. Bernadette's work is over, and she has gone to behold for ever face to face the dazzling beauty of the Queen of Heaven, who deigned to manifest herself to her by the flowing waters of the Gave. Time, that tries all things, has tried the truth of Bernadette's story, and every succeeding year has rooted more deeply in the minds of Catholics all over the world the conviction that it was Our Lady herself who, in her condescending love, deigned to appear to the poor peasant girl of Lourdes. The words of Our Lady to her respecting her own future history have been exactly verified, and perhaps one of the most curious confirmations of the reality of the appearances to Bernadette is that she lived and died obscure and unknown; that in the convent where her latter years were spent she was a continual sufferer; that there she lived the most ordinary, matter-of-fact, common-place life; and that up to the moment of her death she never pretended to any sort of extraordinary favour, or vision, or revelation after the last appearance by the Grotto. If the miracles that have been worked there had never happened, there is sufficient evidence in the conduct of Bernadette to establish in the minds of any impartial witness the truth of what she saw. But we are anticipating, and must leave our readers to judge of the facts narrated as we proceed.

Bernadette was the child of two pious peasants who lived near the Grotto of Lourdes, very poor, but very honest and simple. She was rather below the average in intelligence, but

largely endowed with that candour and innocence of soul that God loves.

On February 11, 1858, when Bernadette was fourteen years old, she was sent with her sister, Marie, and another companion, to pick up for firing pieces of wood that had floated down the stream, and that were wont to drift into the shore just under the Grotto of Massabielle. To reach the spot it was necessary to cross the bed of the mill-stream, which flowed into the Gave, and which was then almost empty of water, because of the repairs going on at the mill. Her two companions had doffed their wooden clogs and crossed the little stream. Bernadette, who was rather delicate, and wore stockings, waited behind to take them off. She was leaning up against a rock to do so, when she heard a sound as of a rushing wind. She looked up at the trees, but to her surprise their branches were not moved by it. She then turned towards the Grotto, and noticed that a magnificent wild rose-tree, or briar, which was rooted in a niche in the rock, and the branches of which hung down to the ground, was being gently shaken. All of a sudden, around the niche, an oval ring of brilliant golden light appeared, and within the niche she saw standing a Lady of unspeakable beauty, with her feet, which were covered by two large roses,¹ resting lightly on the wild rose-tree. She was dressed in pure white, with a light blue girdle, a white veil covered her head, and on her arm was hanging a rosary with a cross of gold. The Lady, as if to encourage Bernadette, made a big sign of the Cross with the cross at the end of the rosary, and began to pass the beads through her fingers. The child, half-frightened, yet conscious of the presence of something supernatural and Divine, fell on her knees, and instinctively took the rosary she had with her, made the sign of the Cross, as did her celestial visitor, and said her beads. When she had finished, the vision was gone.

She arose, and ran after her companions. "Have you seen anything?" she asked. "No," they had seen nothing. "And you?" Bernadette knew not what to answer, but after they had made up their little bundle of sticks, and were on their way home, they noticed something strange about her, and she told them the story in all simplicity. Arrived at home, they told

¹ In most statues of Our Lady of Lourdes these roses are incorrectly represented as small in size, and resting almost on the instep, whereas in point of fact they were very large, and covered the front of the foot.

her mother, who scolded her for talking nonsense, and ordered the children not to go to the Grotto to pick up their wood.

From the moment that the vision had disappeared, Bernadette had been longing to see it again, but she obeyed her mother, and kept away from the place. But her sister, and some of their little neighbours, moved by curiosity, persuaded their mother to withdraw her prohibition, and allow them to go there on the next Saturday. The children, who knew that evil spirits sometimes appear and deceive men, agreed that they would take with them some holy water. Thus armed, they went to the Grotto, knelt down, and began their Rosary. They had scarcely commenced it, when Bernadette's countenance was suddenly transformed, her features seemed to be lit up with a light from Heaven: there was an expression in her face of unspeakable joy and happiness. In general she was a very ordinary sort of child, but now there was something extraordinary and supernatural in her expression. She saw the same beautiful Lady, with her feet resting on the rock, in the same niche as on the previous occasion, dressed in just the same manner, and surrounded by the same circle of golden light. Beaming with joy, she exclaimed to her companions, "There she is!" But the other children, whose eyes were not opened as were Bernadette's, saw nothing but the bare rock and the wild rose-tree. But yet they did not doubt about the apparition to Bernadette, and one of them placed in her hands the bottle of holy water. The child took it, advanced a step, and throwing some holy water towards the Grotto, cried out, "If you come from God, come nearer!" At these words, the Lady smiled, and advanced to the very edge of the rock, as if to meet Bernadette, who thereupon, reassured by her advance, and by the gracious expression of her face, fell on her knees as before, and said the rosary as before. When it was over, the vision disappeared at once.

The report of this second apparition soon spread throughout the town, and people came to the house of the Soubirous, and cross-questioned Bernadette. Her precise and unhesitating answers astonished them. It was enough to see and hear her to be convinced of her good faith.

On the following Thursday, the 18th of February, two good women of the neighbourhood, anxious to convince themselves of the truth of her story, offered to accompany her to the Grotto. "Ask the Lady," they said, "who she is and what she wants; let

her explain it to you, or better still, as you may not understand very well what she means, ask her to write it down for you." On the road to the Grotto the child, in her eagerness, got ahead of her companions, arrived at the Grotto, knelt down in front of it with her eyes upon the niche and began to say her beads. She was thus employed when her companions arrived. All at once a cry of joy escapes her lips: "There she is!" she exclaims. The expression of her features changes: her face lights up with the same heavenly brightness as before: no one can doubt that she is in the presence of something mysterious, unseen by others, and that she is experiencing an extraordinary joy and happiness. The two women kneel down by her side and light a blessed candle that they have brought, then they produce their pen and ink: "Go up to the Lady," they say, "and ask her to write down who she is and what she wants."

Bernadette, not a bit afraid, went right up to the wild rose-tree in which Our Lady was standing, held up her paper and inkbottle, and stood there looking up at the niche. Our Lady smiled. "*It is not necessary to write down what I have to say to you. Do me the kindness to come here every day for a fortnight.*" "Yes, I will," said Bernadette. Then Our Lady added: "*And on my part, I promise to make you happy, not in this world, but in the next.*"

Strange promise, that no girl of fourteen would have invented! Promise, too, strangely fulfilled. As we shall see, Bernadette's life was not what we should call a happy one. All her life long she was the victim of continual ill-health. Her chest was weak; she had a chronic asthma, which often caused her most intense suffering, and as she grew up a large tumour formed on her knee, and her bones were attacked by caries. She had also all sorts of external crosses and persecutions to endure, and moreover in her own soul there was, to the very end, little of joy and internal consolation. Hers was a dull, monotonous, struggling existence till the very day of her death, matter of fact from first to last, with none of that excitement or enthusiasm such as is wont to accompany fancied visions and celestial visitations, sprung of an overwrought imagination.

"Ask her," said one of Bernadette's companions, "if she minds our coming with you." "*No,*" was the reply, "*they may come if they like.*" Then the vision disappeared. When the child returned to the town she told her parents that the Lady had made her promise to come to the rock every day for a

fortnight. The next day her mother went with her, and a number of other women accompanied her. They all noticed the same wonderful expression that came over the child's features as soon as Our Lady appeared to her.

During the next few days the number of spectators increased. The story spread from mouth to mouth. No one would think that the child was trying to deceive them. She might be under an illusion, the victim of a highly-wrought imagination, but she was no impostor. It was wonderful to see her as she knelt day by day amid the crowd with a taper in one hand and her rosary in the other, while a religious silence prevailed. Some mysterious influence secured and held all present spell-bound. After a few days there was a crowd of some thousands present at the scene long before sunrise. All the best points of observation were occupied by spectators in spite of the piercing cold. What strange attraction could there be in watching a poor peasant girl kneeling and saying her beads?

Each morning was the same: an increasing crowd, praying, chattering, waiting, struggling for a good place. Then all at once there was a movement in the crowd. "Here she comes!" and Bernadette walks through the midst of them. They make a way for that poor, humble, insignificant peasant girl with marks of the greatest respect, the men uncovering their heads as she passes. After her the crowd closes up and follows her, noisy and struggling, till she reaches the Grotto, where she kneels down on a flat piece of rock surrounded by sand, which is always left free, however great the throng, as "Bernadette's place." Then she kneels down and all eyes are fixed upon her. She begins her Rosary as if there were no one there. All at once she raises her hands: her appearance changes: the indescribable expression creeps over her face, and a murmur breaks from the crowd, "Now she sees her!" Meanwhile she continues her Rosary, while those present gaze on her entranced. Her eyes are fixed on the niche in the rock: a sweet smile spreads itself over her countenance, on which love, admiration, joy, respect mingled together, and testify to the presence of one who to the kneeling throng around is invisible. From time to time tears like great drops of dew roll down her cheeks, tears of intense joy, bearing witness to a new, indescribable, and delicious happiness.

What did she see? First of all a soft light illuminating the niche and the rock, then an increasing brightness, then over the

wild rose-tree appeared the Lady. A Lady of wondrous beauty with all the freshness of early youth, combined with the tenderness of a mother, of unspeakable benevolence in her looks and a majesty which cannot be described. "Was the Lady as beautiful as certain ladies of remarkable beauty who had come to see her?" The child looked at them with a sort of disdain: "Ever so much more beautiful than they! The Lady, moreover, was surrounded with a circle of light." "What sort of light? Was it like the light of a large fire, or of the stars, or of the moon, or of the sun dazzling us in its mid-day glory?" "No, there was no light on earth resembling it; it was quite different from these and far more beautiful."

During the time of her ecstasy Bernadette saw nothing and heard nothing of what went on around her. If the crowd grew noisy and impatient she was not conscious of it. During that hour of Our Lady's presence she was deaf and blind to all save the vision of the Queen of Heaven.

One day the wind threatened to put out Bernadette's candle, instinctively she put up her hand to shelter the flame. All of a sudden a sweeping gust turned it towards her open hand and the flame passed between her fingers.

"She'll be burnt, poor child!" said the bystanders in pity. But there was not a sign of pain on her face or any shrinking movement of her hand. The fire left no trace: it had not harmed her.

In her ordinary state, Bernadette did not seem to be much pre-occupied with this daily favour granted by God to her. She said but little about it, and her parents did not ask her many questions. But when the hour of the apparition drew near, she seemed to be in the possession of a power superior to her own, and the attraction to the Grotto became irresistible. Go to the Grotto she must. When her parents, urged by the police, as we shall presently see, asked her not to go, she told them she could not help going. At last they positively forbade her visits to the Grotto, and on the 22nd she reluctantly obeyed. In the morning she attended the parish school as usual, but in the afternoon she could not resist the secret influence within that called her, and she went down to the Grotto. As usual, she knelt down and said her Rosary, but the Lady visited her not.

After this, in reply to threats and prohibitions, she calmly answered, "I can't promise you not to return to the Grotto;

something tells me I ought to go ; it drives me thither. I must follow the impulse within me." Her parents, recognizing in the influence that urged her one to which they were bound to submit, made no further opposition. Henceforward her mother generally accompanied her to the Grotto.

The next day (Tuesday, the 23rd of February), the crowd came down as usual to the banks of the Gave. Bernadette appeared in due time, knelt down with a lighted taper in her hand, and began to say her beads. On this day Our Lady had two communications to make to her—one was a secret message concerning herself which she was told never to reveal, the other was a command which was to be obeyed in a way that even Bernadette never expected. "Go," said Our Lady, "*to the priests, and tell them that it is my wish that they should build me a chapel here, and that they ought to come here in procession.*"

Who that gazes at the magnificent basilica that now adorns the rock of Massabielle, and watches the thousands of pious pilgrims streaming along the road to the Grotto in solemn procession, can fail to recognize the power of Mary's word ? Her *fiat*, now as ever, echoes in Heaven and is obeyed on earth.

One of the following mornings witnessed a new feature in the apparitions. As Bernadette knelt in her ecstasy amid the assembled crowd, all at once she was seen to kiss the ground and then drag herself along on her knees towards the niche, touching the earth from time to time with her lips. She dragged herself up the steep ascent in front of the Grotto, entered it, and remained for a short time immoveable, looking up in the direction of the niche. Then she turned to the crowd, drew herself up to her full height, and with wonderful authority and energy cried out :

"You, too, are to kiss the ground !"

Then she knelt down again, and herself set the example. What had Our Lady said to her ? She had heard these words, "*You will pray God for sinners ; you will kiss the earth for the conversion of sinners.*"

On several subsequent mornings the same command was given to Bernadette. On these occasions she described Our Lady's countenance as veiled in an expression of infinite sadness, which, however, did not mar her look of perfect happiness and joy. Once the child kept murmuring, "Penance, penance, penance !" but in general she remained silent throughout her ecstasy.

Thursday, the 25th of February, was one of the most notable days in the history of the Grotto. All of a sudden, in the midst of her ecstasy, she moved as if summoned somewhere, and rising turned her steps towards the corner of the Grotto. Our Lady had said to her: "*Go and drink in the spring and wash yourself there, and eat some of the little plant growing there.*"

The child had seen no spring, and thought it was meant that she should go to the Gave. But with her eyes and her outstretched arm Our Lady pointed to the corner of the Grotto. Bernadette accordingly began to move thither, while the crowd made way for her. A mass of sand and rock blocked up the entrance, and sloped upwards until the level within was six feet above the level of the earth without. She mounted the slope and looked for the spring. But spring there was none, not even a drop of water—only the moist ground with some herbs growing in it. She looked up at Our Lady, and at a sign from her began to scrape with her fingers in the earth. As she scraped, the hole she made began to fill with muddy water. She looked up again at the vision, and then took some of the water in her hollow hand and tried to drink it. Three times her courage failed her, so dirty was the water; but after another look towards the niche she succeeded in overcoming her repugnance, and swallowed it. Then she stooped down again, and again filling her hand with the dirty water, which was now bubbling up in abundance, she dashed it over her face, and then rose up.

A movement of surprise ran through the crowd. "Look at her! how dirty she is making herself, poor child!"

Bernadette meantime picked some leaves of a sort of cress that was growing in the wet ground, and ate them.

"What is she doing? is she mad?" asked the spectators of each other as they watched her. No, not mad, but humbling herself before the world, doing what was repugnant to nature and so earning blessings innumerable for all the sinners and sick who were to wash in that wondrous fountain. For this was the miraculous water of Lourdes, now famous throughout the Catholic world. God regarded the humility of His handmaiden, and the flowing water began to stream forth where that poor child's fingers had in obedience to Our Lady's word scraped away the earth and sand. Already it had overflowed the little basin she had made, and a little stream began gently to run down the slope, from the summit of which it had bubbled up.

The next day the crowd came and Bernadette came, but Our Lady did not appear—a clear sign, if any were wanting, that hers was no imposture or effect of imagination.

During all the remainder of the fourteen days the vision appeared each day at the accustomed hour. Each day the crowd increased, and each day the little stream of water became larger than before. Was there a spring of water there before Bernadette's fingers had scraped at the soil? No one had ever suspected one. Even supposing there had been one (which was very unlikely) was it not a miracle that the poor ignorant peasant girl should light upon it in so strange a way? Was it not also a miracle that a large ever increasing body of water should pour forth from so unexpected a place? People began to say, "There will be some extraordinary virtue in that water."

So thought a good stone-cutter of Lourdes named Louis Barriette, the sight of one of whose eyes had been entirely destroyed by an explosion in a mine. One day he very sensibly said to himself, "If it is our Lady who comes to the Grotto, I think she will cure me by means of that water that Bernadette discovered." So he sent his little daughter to get a jug of it, said some prayers and bathed with the water the eye of which the sight was gone. All of a sudden he utters a loud cry. He can see as well with this eye as with the one that had never been injured!

He goes out of his house and in the town meets the doctor of Lourdes. "Doctor," he cries, "I am cured!"

"Impossible!" answered Dr. Dojous, "your eye has an organic injury which renders it incurable;" and with these words he takes out his pocket-book and writes down a sentence, which he holds before Barriette's damaged eye, carefully covering the other eye with his hand.

People began to gather round while the workman with his blind eye reads out loud these words: "Barriette has an incurable amaurosis. He will never recover his sight."

Dr. Dojous was simply stupefied. "Well, that is a real miracle. It upsets all my theories, and I can only confess the presence of a higher power."

The town soon resounds with the story. A miracle has been worked, and it is Our Lady who has worked it, for the sick man was healed by invoking her holy name. Other wonders follow, which space forbids our telling in detail. A woman whose hand had been paralyzed for ten years, plunged it into the water and

was instantly cured. A little child of two years old was at the point of death. The deadly pallor on its little face showed that all hope was gone. "It is dead," said its father, "it has already ceased to breathe." The agonized mother taking it from its cradle carries it to the newly flowing spring and plunges it into the cold water. "Holy Mother of God, I shall hold my baby there till you cure it." After a short time the child shows signs of life. The happy mother carries it back rejoicing but still trembling. But, see! the death pallor is gone, and the tints of health return. It eagerly takes the breast, and two days later is running about perfectly well.

But now the fortnight during which Our Lady has asked for Bernadette's presence at the Grotto is almost over. It is the last morning, and there is an enormous crowd—soldiers, police, government officials, men of science, unbelievers, priests, and pious women without end, all assembled to watch a poor little peasant girl kneeling and saying her beads. Let us hear the testimony of one of the Government officials:

"I got there," he says, "disposed to laugh heartily at what I regarded as a lot of rubbish. An immense multitude had assembled around the Grotto. I was in the front row when Bernadette arrived. I was close to her, and noticed on her childish features that stamp of sweetness, innocence, and profound repose that had already struck me when she was questioned before the Inspector of Police. She knelt down naturally, without any fuss, just as if she had been alone. She took out her beads and began to pray. Soon her look seemed to receive and reflect an unknown brightness, and became fixed and fastened itself, radiant with happiness and full of wonder and delight, on the niche in the rock. I looked there also, and saw nothing but the branches of the wild briar. Yet, in the presence of the transformation of that child, all my previous prejudices, philosophical difficulties, preconceived objections fell to the ground at once, and gave place to a sentiment that took possession of me in spite of myself. I felt a certitude, I had a sort of intuition that I could not withstand, that some mysterious being was present there. My eyes saw it not, but my intellect and that of the countless spectators present there, saw it by the interior light of the evidence before us. Yes, I must declare my conviction that the Blessed Virgin was there. Bernadette was suddenly and completely transfigured. She was no longer Bernadette. She was an angel from Heaven, plunged in an

ecstasy that words cannot describe. Her face was no longer the same. She opened wide her eyes, insatiate of what they saw; she smiled to one we saw not, and her whole appearance gave a clear notion of ecstatic and intense happiness."

At last the fourteen days during which Our Lady had asked Bernadette to present herself at the Grotto, were over. On the last morning (the 4th of March) an enormous crowd had collected long before daybreak. There was great excitement among the people. "Something will happen to that child," said the wise-aces of Lourdes; "she will be carried away by Our Lady, or fall dead on the spot." Her parents were quite frightened; still they determined that she should go all the same. So Bernadette, as usual, heard Mass, and came down to the Grotto. Officers of police, gendarmes, soldiers, were there to keep order in the assembled multitude. A gendarme was waiting for Bernadette, with a drawn sword, to make way for her through the crowd; without this it would have been almost impossible for her to get through the dense mass that had assembled. She knelt down as usual, and soon the vision appeared to her. She drank at the fountain, kissed the ground as usual. Our Lady smiled her farewell, and the vision disappeared. Bernadette got up and went home, and the crowd gradually dispersed.

The next day Bernadette came as usual, and the spectators came too. She knelt and said her beads, but no apparition. The same thing on the next day, and the next. No voice within her summoned her to the Grotto: her visions were apparently at an end. But on the 25th of March (Lady Day) she felt once more the internal impulse. Joyous she hastened to the Grotto, knelt down, and had scarce begun her Rosary when a sudden start, and the transformation of her features announced that the Lady had reappeared. As soon as she saw her, in obedience to the instruction given her by the parish priest, she asked her to tell her her name. The answer was a smile. "Madam," asked Bernadette again, "will you tell me who you are?" Our Lady raised her hands and eyes to Heaven, and answered, "*I am the Immaculate Conception*"¹ and then instantly disappeared. The ignorant child did not know what the words meant, but on her way back to the town she repeated them continually, lest she should forget them. Instead of going home she went straight to the presbytery, and learned from the priest that the words

¹ The words actually spoken were, in the patois of the country, "Soy l'Immaculada Conception" (Je suis l'Immaculée Conception).

she had heard were those that proclaim the singular privilege that has raised Mary above all the saints and angels on earth and in Heaven. Radiant with joy, she carries home the news that the Lady who has appeared to her is indeed without doubt the Holy Mother of God.

The next twelve days were a blank for Bernadette as far as any vision was concerned ; but on the 7th of April (Wednesday in Easter week) the inner voice once more informed her that our Lady was going to visit her that day. Arrived at the Grotto, she was not disappointed ; she had no sooner commenced her Rosary than Our Lady appeared. On this occasion there was a fresh wonder.

During the ecstasy she had a lighted candle in her hand, which she was resting on the rock in front of her, and, absorbed in what she saw, she gradually raised the hand that was holding the candle and lightly joined her two hands immediately above the flame. The flame passed through her fingers, its summit appearing above them, but she moved not, and gave no sign of pain. A cry ran through the crowd : " She is burning herself ! " Still Bernadette moved not.

A doctor was standing close by. He took out his watch to see how long the wonder would last. For more than a quarter of an hour the flame continued to burn on, and her hands remained in the midst of it. No sign of pain—the same sweet smile playing on her lips. A thousand eyes watched the scene, and distinctly saw the flame passing through her fingers.

At length her hands opened. The Doctor took hold of them, and examined them. *They were quite white, neither scorched nor blackened by the flame !*

Then softly through the crowd went the whisper, " A miracle, a miracle ! "

A few moments after Bernadette came out of her ecstasy, and the doctor, taking hold of her hand, quietly held it over the candle.

" You're hurting me ! you're burning me ! " she cried, pulling her hand away.

There could be no doubt, after this, about the miracle.

Here the curtain falls on what may be called Our Lady's public apparitions to Bernadette. Once again she saw her, but long after, and when she was almost alone.

But we must now turn to the contradictions which every work of God has to encounter. While there was a continually

increasing number of those whose prudent reserve and wise discretion at first had gradually made way for a firm belief in the supernatural character of the wonders wrought, there was a still larger number who were determined to be sceptical. At first they accused the child of being a skilful actor and hypocrite, and when such an hypothesis was proved by facts to be impossible, they fell back on the theory of hallucination. Bernadette was a poor silly thing with feeble powers, cataleptic tendencies, and strong imagination. Unfortunately the doctors who examined her said she had no sort of disposition to catalepsy, that she was remarkably matter-of-fact, sensible, and very unimaginative.

The police of Lourdes were decidedly on the side of the opposition, and thought it their duty to throw all the obstacles they could in the way of the apparitions at the Grotto. Bernadette was threatened, and then her parents. The authorities talked about imprisonment, and said that the crowds that assembled each morning threatened to disturb the peace of the town.

The Prefect of the department, who was a good Catholic, was at first under the impression that the whole business was an imposture, and that real harm would be done to religion if it were allowed to continue. This gave the local police fresh courage in their persecution of Bernadette. One day the inspector and serjeant of police placed themselves at her side, and attempted to disturb her. But her godmother compelled them to desist : the child was doing no wrong, and they had no right to interfere.

To keep up the charge of fraud became impossible, so they sent some doctors to examine her, with the intention of sending her to a lunatic asylum, if any trace of madness could be discovered in her. But the medical reports declared her intellect to be perfectly clear and sound. Thus their attempt to take any personal measures against Bernadette failed for the time.

But if Bernadette could not be assailed, they could at least prevent the growing superstition that was taking place at Lourdes. During the month of May succeeding the apparitions, crowds of pilgrims had resorted to the Grotto. The crevices in the rock were filled with little statues and bouquets of flowers, and the Grotto was lighted up with a continual illumination of wax candles. On the 8th of June, the police carried off all the objects that had been deposited in the Grotto, and boarded it up. On the rock a notice was put up,

No one is allowed to enter these grounds (Défense d'entrer sur cette propriété). A number of police were posted around the Grotto to enforce this notice, but pious people managed to evade it, and though there were a good many summonses issued, no one was actually punished for disobeying it.

One morning, however, when the first policeman came down to his post, he found to his dismay that the Government hoarding had been broken down during the night, and the planks composing it laid in a great heap in front of the Grotto. There was no trace of the offenders, who consisted of workmen belonging to Lourdes, who had watched their opportunity, and before the dawn had completed the work of destruction. The authorities were not a little annoyed, and promptly replaced the barrier, and for several nights watched for any intruders. But all in vain, and so they left off their nocturnal guard. The very next morning the hoarding had once more disappeared. This time the prudent workmen had not given the adversary a chance of rebuilding with the same materials. The planks had all been thrown into the Gave, and by the time that the police came to the place, had been carried miles down the stream by the obliging waters.

Meanwhile, an ever-increasing stream of pilgrims came to Lourdes, and cures which could not be explained by any natural laws began to be multiplied. It was impossible to deny the facts. Bernadette was summoned before the Prefect of Police, questioned, cross-questioned, threatened with prison. Every means was taken to frighten her, to discourage her, to shake her calm, clear, oft-repeated assertion of the reality of what she saw. She remained perfectly quiet and at her ease throughout all the vexatious interrogations and menaces of punishment. "They won't do what they say," she used to repeat. "God is stronger than they. Don't be afraid! If they put me in prison, they will only have to let me out again."

The Prefect at length, foiled in his direct attempts, had recourse to the Bishop of Tarbes, and urged upon him a judicial inquiry, to put an end to this nonsense, if nonsense it was. At the same time the popular voice and a number of the clergy begged his Lordship, for the honour of Our Lady, and the promotion of devotion to her, to issue a Commission to investigate all that had happened. But the prudent and wise Prelate was not going to act in a hurry—he watched and waited. Sceptical at first as to the reality of the apparition, he had

gradually been won over by the irresistible force of the accumulating evidence in favour of it, but nevertheless he still waited. May, June, July passed, but he refused to take any steps.

From the 5th of April till the 16th of July, Bernadette had visited the scene of the apparitions nearly every day, but she had never felt the interior impulse which was the precursor of a visit from our Lady, and had simply knelt and said her beads among the other pilgrims. But on the 16th of July, the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the mysterious attraction once more called her to the Grotto. It was closed at the time by the police, and Bernadette, even more than others, would be promptly sent back. So she crossed the Gave, and went down through the meadows on the other side to the bank of the river exactly opposite the Grotto, and there knelt down with two women who accompanied her, to say her Rosary. Presently she made a movement which made her companions suspect that she saw the vision once again. It was getting dark, so one of them lighted a candle they had brought with them, and they saw the same indications of her ecstasy that had been often observed before—the kindling brightness of her eye, the supernatural beauty of expression, the radiant transparency of her countenance. They watched her in silence for a quarter of an hour, while the child was drinking of that delicious draught of heavenly sweetness of which the Wise Man tells in the Cantic of Canticles: “Drink, O my friends, and be inebriated my dearly beloved.”²

Never, said Bernadette, had Our Lady appeared so glorious as then, the light around her never so dazzling, her face never so beautiful and majestic. The moment the first ray of this heavenly light fell upon her, all was forgotten—the river, the Grotto, the barrier, all around her simply disappeared. She was absorbed in the contemplation of the celestial vision, for her there existed nothing else on earth save the apparition that stood before her.

But it was the last time. Never again, until she beheld her in the Paradise of God, was Bernadette to be favoured with another sight of the Queen of Heaven.

R. F. C.

² Cant. v. 1.

How Darwin became an Agnostic.

"WHILST on board the *Beagle* I was," Darwin informs us in his autobiography, "quite orthodox, and I remember being heartily laughed at by several of the officers (though themselves orthodox) for quoting the Bible as an unanswerable authority on some point of morality. I suppose it was the novelty of the argument that amused them." Writing more than forty years after the voyage of the *Beagle* he describes his judgment as often wavering. "In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, that an agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind." The object of this paper is to trace the steps by which Darwin passed from the state of belief to that of doubt.

It is a trite remark that in some men the spiritual side of their nature is highly developed, and in others there is a corresponding deficiency. In the early pages of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* we feel that we are in the presence of a soul singularly open to influences of the unseen world, which appealed to his nature with much greater strength than the material universe. "As a boy, I thought," he writes,¹ "life might be a dream or I an angel, and all this world a deception, my fellow-angels by a playful device concealing themselves from me, and deceiving me with a semblance of the material world." And in after-years he could say in his sermon on Michaelmas Day, 1831, of the angels, "Every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." Darwin's mind was cast in another mould. Matter and its manifestations seemed the only realities to him. He questioned the universe indeed, but it was with the measuring-glass, the microscope, and the foot-rule. Spiritual phenomena he had no eyes to see.

¹ *Apologia*, p. 2.

If ever a soul needed careful nurture in the ways of God, it was the soul of Charles Darwin. His home influences could scarcely have been worse. His mother was a Unitarian, and his father a freethinker. Indeed, if we may believe Carlyle, unbelief had got into the Darwin blood, grandfather, father, and son being, according to him, all atheists. We cannot say what religious influences were at work in the public school of Harrow; if in this respect Harrow resembled Eton of that date, Darwin must have got as little help in things spiritual as he complains he did in secular knowledge. His only anecdote connected with religion at Cambridge is not edifying. At evening chapel the Dean, he tells us, used to read alternate verses of the Psalm, without making even a pretence of waiting for the congregation to take their share. And when the Lesson was a lengthy one, he would rise and go on with the Canticles after the scholar had read fifteen or twenty verses. We can only wonder that with such an education he started his professional life with any dogmatic beliefs at all.

To the study of nature Darwin not only brought an unspiritual mind, but even an unbelieving one. Nominally a theist when he approached the problem of the origin of species, he was in reality at the best an agnostic. Speaking of his religious views in 1836—39, he says that "the more we know of the fixed laws of nature, the more incredible do miracles become." Before we pass on, it will be well to gauge the logical outcome of this remark. By *nature* a reasonable theist can only mean God acting according to His "usual and habitual manner," and unless we deny freewill to God there is nothing "incredible" in supposing Him to act in a manner beyond or above His ordinary course in nature. Such action on the part of God only becomes incredible if we suppose God one and the same with the universe; then indeed the forces of nature must go on in their course unswervingly, driven by blind necessity.²

To an unspiritual cast of mind, and an un-Christian education, Darwin added a wrong view of life. He had no idea of seeking first the Kingdom of God. All things would be given to him, he thought, if he could but extend the boundaries of science. Three years before his death he wrote in his autobiography: "I believe that I have acted rightly in steadily

² The chapter in Father Coleridge's work entitled "The Beginning of Signs" (*Public Life*, vol. i. pp. 175—186), puts the theistic doctrine of miracles in a very clear light.

following and devoting my life to science." The consequence of this false view of his destiny was in Darwin's case most disastrous. He found his belief in a personal God gradually slipping from him, and yet, as he tells us, he did not devote systematic thought to the subject. In 1871 he wrote to Dr. Abbott: "Now I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to society; and without steadily keeping my mind on such subjects for a *long* period, I am really incapable of writing anything worth sending to the *Index*." Evidently Darwin acknowledged his duty to society not to put forward crude opinions, but none to his own soul to discover whether there were a God or no. He was willing to devote nearly half a century to the elaboration of a scientific theory, but unwilling to give more than occasional thought to the great question, "Why am I here?"

In such a frame of mind Darwin turned his attention during the years 1836—39 to the reasonableness of the Christian faith. He weighed its evidences in his false balance, and of course found them wanting. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he made a pretence of weighing them. We will present in their bare nakedness the reasons which Darwin assigns for giving up belief in Christ.

1. The Old Testament is no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. If there had been a revelation God would never have allowed Christianity to be connected with the Old Testament.

2. Christianity depends for its proof upon the evidence that can be produced for certain miracles, but (*a*) miracles are intrinsically incredible, (*b*) the Gospels were written at a time when men "were ignorant and credulous to a degree almost incomprehensible by us," (*c*) "the Gospels cannot be proved to have been written simultaneously with the events" therein recorded, (*d*) the Evangelists differ in important details.

It is useless for two reasons to dwell upon these objections. In the first place, Darwin does not claim any novelty for them. But the second and more powerful reason is furnished us by the following passage of the autobiography:

But I was very unwilling to give up my belief; I feel sure of this, for I can well remember often and often inventing day-dreams of old letters between distinguished Romans, and manuscripts being discovered at Pompeii or elsewhere, which confirmed in the most striking manner

all that was written in the Gospels. But I found it more and more difficult, with free scope given to my imagination, to invent evidence which would suffice to convince me.

We can imagine few more illogical positions than that taken up by Darwin in the last sentence. To confess that no evidence that he could imagine was sufficiently strong to enable him to give credence to the Gospel narrative is surely the acknowledgment of a thoroughly biassed mind. An angel from Heaven would not have convinced him. Before dismissing this subject we may note that the breakdown of Darwin's faith in Christianity was complete by 1839, and that therefore long before the difficulties which the theory of Natural Selection brought to the front, Christ and His saints were dead to Darwin.

After passing in review the various arguments that constrained him to believe that there never had been any revelation, Darwin proceeds to give us an account of how his belief in the existence of God came to be shaken. To this subject he did not give much thought till comparatively late in life; not probably till he was engaged on the composition of the *Origin of Species*. By this time a great change had come over his mind—a change which no student of his religious views can afford to leave unnoticed.

Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare . . . I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately [1876] to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once a week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.

That this atrophy which Darwin deplores was not confined to his æsthetic tastes, but attacked his reasoning powers, few will deny who follow the history of his religious opinions.

There are three chief arguments, Darwin considered for the existence of God, (1) the argument from design, (2) the argument from man's natural conviction that there must be a Supreme Being, and (3) the argument from the fact that if there is no God, then this universe is the plaything of chance.

1. Now the old argument from design, Darwin urges, has failed since the discovery of the law of natural selection. In this wise he follows up his objection in *The Variation of Animals and Plants*:³ Are we to believe that the forms are preordained of the broken fragments of rock which tumble from a precipice and are fitted together by man to build his houses? If not, why should we believe that the variations of domestic animals or plants are pre-ordained for the sake of the breeder? "But if we give up the principle in one case, . . . no shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations, . . . which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided." "This argument," Darwin adds, "has never, as far as I can see, been answered," and we might add, "Never can be to my satisfaction." For he thus wrote to Dr. Asa Gray in 1861:

Your question, what would convince me of design, is a poser. If I saw an angel come down to teach us good, and I was convinced from others seeing him that I was not mad, I should believe in design. If I could be convinced thoroughly that life and mind was in an unknown way a function of other imponderable force, I should be convinced. If man was made of brass or iron, and no way connected with any other organism which had ever lived, I should perhaps be convinced.

He might well say "this is childish writing."

As a matter of fact this objection of Darwin's was answered by Mr. Huxley nearly twenty years ago when defending the *Origin of Species* from the accusation that it did away with the argument from design. After pointing out that this is one of those, "perhaps immortal, fallacies which live on, Tithonus-like, when sense and force have long deserted them," Mr. Huxley continues: "The teleological and the mechanical views of nature

³ Vol. ii. p. 431.

are not, necessarily, mutually, exclusive. On the contrary the more purely a mechanist the speculator is, the more firmly does he assume a primordial molecular arrangement of which all the phenomena of the universe are the consequences, and the more completely is he thereby at the mercy of the teleologist, who can always defy him to disprove that this primordial molecular arrangement was not intended to evolve the phenomena of the universe."

But indeed there is no need to call in the testimony of Mr. Huxley—perhaps it was unfair to do so, except on the plea that it is a pleasure to see thieves quarrelling. We will appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, from Darwin consciously arguing against design, to Darwin unconsciously pleading in its behalf. In the objection before us, supposing it be granted that in the one case the shape of the stones and in the other the variations occurring in the domestic races were not primarily intended for the builder and the breeder, it would not follow that the variations in nature are not guided. The breeder alters the ordinary course of nature; he chooses for his own ends and prevents nature working out hers. But has nature any end or aim? if so, variation is guided and Darwin's objection falls to the ground. The testimony of the *Origin of Species*⁴ is very emphatic on this point. "Nature can act on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life. Man selects only for his own good: Nature only for that of the being which she tends." "Nature's productions" are "far truer in character than man's productions: they" are "infinitely better adapted to the most complex conditions of life, and plainly bear the stamp of far higher workmanship." In another work⁵ we are told that "the preservation and accumulation [of new variations] are dependent on their service to either sex." In other words, variations if favourable to the species become by the law of heredity fixed and permanent; if unfavourable the species will die out; if neither favourable nor unfavourable the variations will, to use Darwin's own expression, sometimes fluctuate. Surely the very fact that variations, because for the good of the species, become hereditary, points plainly enough to a designing mind. Again, we have it on high authority that "variation is neither indefinite, nor fortuitous, nor does it take place in all directions;" not

⁴ Chap. iv. p. 65 (last edition).

⁵ *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, vol. ii. p. 84.

indefinite, "because limited by the general characters of the type," "a whale, for instance, not tending to produce feathers;" not fortuitous, because caused by definite "molecular forces within the organism;" not in all directions, because guided by the laws of these molecular forces. Whether there is not a latent contradiction in this exposition we will not stay to inquire; it is enough for our present purpose to know that natural selection has to assume a type which allows variations free play only in certain definite directions. Such restraint implies guidance.⁶

In a letter to Dr. Asa Gray, who seems to have been Darwin's good angel, the existence of rudimentary organs is urged as an argument against design. "If anything is designed," he writes, "certainly man must be; one's 'inner consciousness' (though a false guide) tells me so; yet I cannot admit that man's rudimentary mammæ were designed. If I was to say I believed this, I should believe it in the same incredible manner as the orthodox believe the Trinity in Unity." Before the publication of the *Origin of Species* there were various explanations of the existence of rudimentary organs. One physiologist supposed they were created for symmetry, and another that their function was to absorb deleterious products in the system. Nonsense such as this Darwin sent to the right-about face, but he was like a man who after discovering and publishing the key to a cipher becomes suddenly blind; others can read and understand the

⁶ Darwin's objection from his theory of natural selection might be met by showing into what absurdities he has been led by assuming the absence of guidance. From this point of view the following passage from Dr. Martineau's *A Study of Religion* (vol. i. pp. 284—286) is very effective. "The adaptation [of accidental instincts] to the conditions of the animal's existence Darwin explains by the same method of happy fortuity, in varying the ways of life; the activity of the creature makes a good hit and does something convenient; the habit is transmitted to the offspring, and taking its place among the usages of a species, acquires the dignity of an instinct. In this deduction everything is derived from a perfectly transient act, a mere random dash of spontaneity; it is not assumed that any sort of immediate good is felt to accrue from it, which could move the animal to try it again; yet at the next step we find this action treated as a *habit*: it could become such only by an unaccountable and constant recurrence of the original accident. . . . It is well known that our great naturalist explains on this principle the strange habit which distinguishes the English cuckoo from the American, namely, of depositing its eggs in the nests of other birds. He supposes that this was originally done by some blundering English mother that had lost her way and had got into the wrong house; and that from similar dreaminess about locality, other birds were now and then betrayed into the same awkward liberty with a stranger's domestic arrangements. Some accidental advantage having accrued from this mistake, either to the bird herself or to the progeny she put out to nurse, they enjoyed a more favourable chance in the struggle for life, survived in preference to their rivals, became the species, and communicated to it the eccentric blunder of their ancestor."

writing, he cannot. According to the Darwinian hypothesis, the existence of rudimentary organs is one of several classes of facts which plainly proclaim "that the innumerable species, genera, and families, with which this world is peopled, are all descended, each within its own class or group, from common parents." Thus by the theory of descent all the group mammals trace their genealogy from one ancestor; the organs which it possessed, they will retain, fully developed, if useful, rudimentary, if useless. It is therefore obvious that organs which are of no service to the individual species were not designed for its use, but that does not disprove that they are of service to, and so may have been designed for, the genus. In the words of a recent writer:⁷ "The dormant organs, called rudimentary, though not serviceable to the individual, are *remanets* of a related type, and constitute a *record* of great importance for reading the method of nature. Without these finger-posts, the branching and crossing roads of evolution so skilfully tracked by Darwin, would have been vastly more obscure, and the survey of the organic kingdom would have lain in its elementary fragments still."

2. The most common argument in these days for the existence of an intelligent God is drawn, Darwin tells us in his account of his loss of belief, "from the deep inward conviction and feelings which are experienced by most persons." This inward conviction he once possessed, as he admits in his autobiography, and as may be seen from the following passage in the *Journal*:

Among the scenes which are deeply impressed on my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are dominant, or those of Tierra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of Nature: no one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and not feel that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body (p. 503).

When an old man this conviction faded from the mind of Darwin. The grandest scenes, he writes in 1876, could not at that period thus move him. "It may be truly said," he urges against himself, "that I am like a man who has become colour-blind, and the universal belief of men of the existence of redness makes my present loss of perception of not the least value as evidence." To this objection he replies that there would be some weight in the argument if all men of all races had the same inward conviction of the existence of one God, and this

⁷ Dr. Martineau, in *A Study of Religion*, vol. i. pp. 358, 359.

Darwin denies to be the case. He then goes on to point out that the state of mind which magnificent scenery excited in him, and which in his case was intimately connected with a belief in God, did not essentially differ from that which is called the sense of sublimity. This sense, he thinks, can hardly be advanced as an argument for the existence of God, "any more than the powerful though vague and similar feelings excited by music."

That is hardly a cogent piece of reasoning. Darwin assumes as necessary for the theistic argument the fact that all men at all times have believed in the existence of *one* God. For the validity of the proof in question it is neither necessary that all races should have had a conviction of the existence of a Supreme Being, nor that they should have believed only in one God. Evidently Darwin utterly missed the groundwork of the proof; but he did more than this. He confuses the sense of sublimity with an intellectual conviction, classes the sense of sublimity with the powerful feelings aroused by music, and then turns out and asks the theist whether such emotions are a proof of the existence of God.

3. The last argument for the theistic position which Darwin considered, and in his eyes the most weighty, "is the extreme difficulty or rather impossibility of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity." As he thus reflected he felt compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind not unlike that of man. But then, he adds, "arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" Elsewhere he writes to a friend, "I feel most deeply that the whole subject is too profound for the human intellect. A dog might as well speculate on the mind of Newton."

Thus to reason is to commit intellectual suicide. What in effect Darwin urges is this: My intellect has, by a most elaborate series of generalizations deduced from numberless facts, proved that man's mind does not differ in kind from that of an ape. That same intellect now forces upon me the irresistible conviction that there is a God, ruling and ordering this universe. In the former process my faculties were trustworthy, in the latter untrustworthy.

In such a blundering fashion Darwin laid aside some of the proofs for the existence of God. He was further inclined to doubt because of the presence of suffering throughout nature.

That there is much suffering in the world no one disputes. Some have attempted to explain this with reference to man by imagining that it serves for his moral improvement. But the number of men in the world is as nothing compared with that of all other sentient beings, and they often suffer greatly without any moral improvement. This very old argument from the existence of suffering against the existence of an intelligent First Cause seems to me a strong one; whereas . . . the presence of much suffering agrees with the view that all organic beings have been developed through variation and natural selection.

On this passage we have two remarks to make. In the first place Darwin apparently did not see that the admission that God permits suffering for man's moral well-being, is a sufficient explanation of its existence. According to the theory of natural selection, man has inherited his various capacities from the lower creation. Whatever he has, the brute animals must have in a less degree. If man can think, they must have intelligence, if man can feel, they must possess sensation, and *a pari* if man can suffer, they must be capable of feeling pain. In the second place, it is worthy of note that Darwin in the passage under discussion implies that the law of descent removes all need for an intelligent First Cause. With equal justice Newton might have claimed that his discovery of the law of gravitation dispensed with a cause to set in motion the solar and stellar systems.

We have now done with the history of Darwin's passage from belief to doubt. We do not pretend to trace the change to its moral source, but the intellectual cause was the "scientific spirit." Under its influence he ceased to appreciate the highest genius as manifested in art and in literature, and that loss of perception he attributes to the disuse of certain of his faculties. From the same cause came his utter inability to grasp any argument that was not of the inductive type. He had allowed his mind to become a machine for working out theories which should explain such facts as the senses could attain to; any other kind of reasoning he distrusted, although in reality the laws he discovered had their foundations on truths at which we can only arrive by deduction.

There was another defect in Darwin's mind to which in this connection allusion must be made. We do not see how any one

can read what Darwin has to say on religion without perceiving that outside his own limited domain he was puzzle-headed to a degree. We might add many instances to those we have already come across, but one or two must suffice.

With respect to the immortality of the soul, nothing, he acknowledged, shows "how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is," as the consideration that the sun and all the planets will in time grow too cold for life. "Believing as I do," he goes on to say, "that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress." But Darwin never seems to have asked himself whence comes this instinctive belief, at once so strong and so universal, of man's immortality. This at least should have lead him to something more than a "conflicting vague probability."

We find the same hopeless purblindness in a letter to a Dutch student. After declaring that the whole subject of the existence of God is beyond the scope of man's intellect he adds the words "but man can do his duty." What he meant by "duty," Darwin as an Agnostic would have found it hard to say.

One remark more and we have done. There are many striking features in the genius of Darwin which must come home to every reader of his works and letters, and which an admirer may dwell upon in eulogistic terms, but it is staggering to find Mr. Huxley⁸ comparing Darwin to Socrates, among other reasons because both had "the same belief in the sovereignty of reason." That very knowledge which Darwin held man could not attain to, thereby "disprincing" reason "from head to heel," Socrates held to be the one thing certain. "Wherefore my counsel is," so runs the conclusion of the *Republic*, "that we hold fast to the heavenly way and follow after justice and virtue always, considering that the soul is immortal and able to endure every sort of good and every sort of evil. Thus shall we live dear to one another and to the gods, even while remaining here and when like conquerors in the games who go round to gather gifts, we receive our reward."

E. W.

⁸ *Charles Darwin* (Nature Series), p. xii.

Chapters on Theology.

THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF JUSTIFICATION.

THOUGH we all know in a general way what justification is, and what the means are by which it is obtained, it is not easy to say what the precise change is which takes place in the soul and produces justification. When the soul is transferred from a state of sin to a state of grace, some change is wrought in the soul itself, which change is the immediate cause of this transfer. Clearly some internal change must take place in the soul to warrant its admission into a state of grace, otherwise justification would be a mere nominal change having nothing real about it. In a former paper we have seen that the change which takes place is not a purely negative one. The soul possesses something that it did not possess before. The object then of our present inquiry is to ascertain the nature of this additional possession, which, by its presence, causes justification.

When we see a sculptor working with his mallet and chisel upon a block of marble and gradually fashioning it into a statue, the change that is going on before us is a good example of what takes place within the soul. The sculptor has conceived a certain definite idea within his mind, and his work is directed to shaping the marble in accordance with this idea. When the work is completed, the form, which before existed only in the sculptor's mind, and which had no existence in the world outside him, has now been impressed upon the marble. This form, that existed in the mind of the artist, and the block of marble have been united, and the result of this union is the statue. Before the reception of this form, the marble was a mere shapeless mass which conveyed no idea; after the reception of the form it expresses what was in the artist's mind, more clearly than words could express it. It is still a block of marble but it is something more; it is the expression of an idea. The addition of this form has raised it to a higher order than it belonged to before.

By the act of justification the soul too is raised to a higher

order than it belonged to before. As the marble is clothed with the form that existed in the mind of the artist, the soul also is clothed with something it did not before possess. As in the action of the sculptor, so too in the act of justification, there are two things which we may consider: the soul before justification, and this is represented to us by the block of marble before the sculptor's hand has shaped it; and the soul after justification, which is represented to us by the statue. To enable us more easily to examine what has been added to the soul in order to bring about the change, we will first consider the soul before the change takes place.

We can best judge of the nature of the soul by the effects which its presence in the body produces. The body after separation from the soul is a mere mass of inert matter; while the body and soul are united they constitute a living man, a being endowed not only with life and sensation, like the brute creation, but endowed moreover with the power of reason and of free will. The soul by its presence communicates life to the entire man, it is that from which life is transfused into the body, it is the vital principle. Those powers of reason and will which the soul communicates to the entire man it must itself possess or it could not communicate them. These two powers are, as we know, special to the human soul; they distinguish it from the brute soul. When man acts with these powers, his acts are in the strict sense of the word human acts; they are acts special to man among the animal creation; they proceed from those powers which distinguish him from the brute.

The soul which is not in a state of justice is either in original sin, or in actual mortal sin, according as we consider the soul before or after baptism. It may also be at the same time in mortal sin and original sin, but this case we need not consider for our present purpose. We will first take the case of a soul in original sin. What is the relation of this soul towards God? It is by means of the reason and will that it can attain to Him, by knowing Him and loving Him; it is consequently those two powers that we must consider. While the man is in original sin, however sound his reason may be, and however strong and steadfast his will, the powers are merely natural powers. Like the heathens of whom St. Paul speaks in his first chapter to the Romans, the man in original sin can perceive in the order and harmony of the universe, that there is an adaptation of means to end. He can notice for instance, that the regular

motion of the heavenly bodies divides time into days and years, that it produces the alternation of hot and cold seasons, required by the earth for the production of crops. From the evidence of design in the universe, his reason leads him to the existence of a designer. He can continue to reason within himself that the Being Who, in His works, at the same time gives such evidence of His own power and of His care for the human race, can justly claim the service of man for whom He has thus provided. And this conclusion must come home to him with still greater force, when he hears the voice of conscience within himself, reproaching him for certain actions, of which actions too he can perceive the guilt. He will acknowledge that this voice which forms a part of his very nature, must owe its origin to the author of his nature.

And furthermore, the history of Christianity furnishes to the inquirer after truth at the present time, evidence which did not exist for the heathens in the time of St. Paul. Such an inquirer is aware from his knowledge of history that of all Churches, of all communities professing to serve the Supreme Being in the manner which that Being has prescribed, of all these communities, only one is perfectly united in its doctrine; and not merely in the doctrine held by each of its members at the present time, but also in the doctrine held by all its members through all ages from the time of its foundation. The inquirer whom we are considering will conclude that, as the Supreme Being would not contradict Himself, communities that hold contradictory doctrines, cannot have been authorized by Him to teach mankind. In this way, by human reason alone, he may arrive at the conviction, that the claim of the Catholic Church to be God's exclusive representative on earth, is a valid claim. He may give a voluntary and hearty assent to this conclusion, and still his act is by no means such an act of faith as is required for justification. The act we have been considering would be a purely natural act, resting on human evidence; the act required for justification must be a supernatural act.

In every act of faith we may consider what we believe, and why we believe it. For an act of faith to be supernatural it is necessary that both the matter and the motive of the act be supernatural. The matter of such an act of faith, as the one we have just been considering, would be supernatural, for the man is supposed to believe in God, not merely as the Author of Nature, as the Creator of the visible world, as the Source of the

natural law, but also as the Author of Grace, as the Source of the positive moral law and of the helps by which man is enabled to obey it. But though the matter of this act would be supernatural, the motive would not be supernatural. The man whom we have been considering would believe on human evidence alone; to make a supernatural act of faith he must believe on Divine evidence alone. In order to do this he must consider whether the human evidence before him is sufficient to remove from his mind all reasonable doubt, as to the fact that God speaks to us through the Catholic Church. Of this he can only have human certainty, but it is as absolute as the highest certainty by which men regulate the affairs of their daily life. This human certainty that God has spoken does not enter into the act of faith; it is merely a condition which must be fulfilled before the act can be made. Once this condition is fulfilled, once the man is satisfied that God has spoken, he must accept God's word as a guarantee for the truth of all which that word reveals to him. It is this acceptance of the Divine authority for the truth of all that is contained in revelation, that constitutes a supernatural act of faith.

It may be urged against this, that such an act of faith is not absolute, but conditional; that it rests upon the fulfilment of a condition, and that as the human evidence upon which the fulfilment of the condition depends is, like all human evidence, open to re-examination, it may, when re-examined, be found not to warrant the conclusion based upon it, in which case the assent to the proposition that God speaks to us through the Catholic Church would be recalled, the act of faith also would be recalled, so that such acts are from their very nature revocable.

To answer this objection we must examine the act of faith itself and the reasoning that precedes it, so as to see precisely what is the point attacked. From a knowledge of the universe we come to a knowledge that it must have had a creator. The evidence is amply sufficient to give certainty, yet the conclusion drawn from this evidence is denied by some, for there are persons who in spite of this evidence deny the existence of God. In the same way, too, there are persons who deny that we can be certain of our own existence, who state that we may be the victims of deception when our senses tell us that we are surrounded by visible and tangible objects, that these senses may be leading us astray when they furnish us with evidence that we ourselves exist. Now there is nothing of which we can

be more certain than we can be of our own existence ; yet there are persons who by persistently refusing to credit the evidence of their senses, or even by maintaining themselves in a state of doubt regarding it, have, if we may believe them, really doubted of their own existence. But the existence of God, though not less certain than our own existence, is less immediately evident. We are conscious of the one, the other requires a train of reasoning before we arrive at it. Consequently, to say that there are men who doubt of the existence of God, is not to cast any doubt upon His existence, for there are men who can doubt of facts more immediately evident ? This is the first step in the argument : Can this point be considered as finally settled, or is it to be subject to re-examination, and perhaps to rejection ?

The same evidence that tells us that a Creator exists, tells us too that He is self-existing, that He is the first cause of all things, who cannot Himself have had a cause. He is self-existing, and consequently His non-existence is impossible, He must now exist, and He must always exist. As there is no possibility of change, this step of the argument may be looked upon as final ; so far there can be no need at a later time to re-open the question.

The second part of the argument brings us to the belief that God speaks to us through the Catholic Church. We may briefly glance through this portion of the reasoning. Amongst the various things that Christ taught regarding His Church, was, that it should be one in doctrine. Christ's authority to teach, and the truth of His teaching is proved to us by His miracles. The fact that these miracles were performed is proved to us by history ; the fact that Christ gave us certain marks by which to know his Church, and amongst them the mark of unity, is also proved to us by history. Consequently, the truth of history as to these facts is the point attacked by the objection which we are considering. Let us now examine the reasons that we have for believing that history speaks with truth as to these two facts.

We believe in the existence of foreign lands which we have never seen, because all travellers who have visited the parts of the world in which those lands are situated agree as to their existence, although they may differ widely in their descriptions of them. We believe as firmly in the existence of those countries, as if we had ourselves seen them, because it is impossible to suppose that a large number of witnesses should all agree in stating something that is false, when there is no conceivable motive for

making such a statement. Our reason for believing in the truth of history upon the two facts in question is the same.

Of all the miracles wrought by Christ, the Resurrection is perhaps the one that of its nature impresses us the most. What historical evidence have we of this miracle? We learn from various heathen writers, Tacitus, Suetonius, and Pliny the younger, that very large numbers of Christians were martyred in the first and second centuries. Now some of these martyrs were the immediate successors of those who had themselves seen and spoken with Christ after He had arisen from the dead, and who besides had witnessed many of His other miracles; all of these martyrs received the tradition of the miracles very close to the source. They all had ample means for learning the truth about these miracles, our Lord's Resurrection amongst the number, and they gave the best proof that they fully believed in them. To reject their evidence would be the same as to reject the evidence of the travellers who tell us of the existence of foreign countries. Neither can the evidence of the writers be rejected, for, being pagans, they had no possible motive for making such a statement if it were false, and even had they done so, the falsehood would no sooner have been published than it would have been contradicted.

Let us now examine the historical evidence that we have for the second fact, that Christ taught that His Church must be one, that unity was a mark by which it might be recognized. It is to the contemporaries of the Apostles and to the generations which immediately succeeded them that we must look for evidence on this point. These men, from their proximity to the time of the Apostles, had ample means for learning the truth about this matter. It was a point of such importance to them, a point which interested them so closely, that they certainly used all means within their power to learn the precise teaching of the Apostles regarding it. The vast multitudes amongst them that shed their blood for the faith showed that they were far from indifferent to anything that concerned that faith. Whatever those early Christians accepted as a part of true Catholic doctrine, we may safely accept. Now they believed, just as we do, that unity is one of the essential marks of the true Church. The writings of many of the early Christians have been preserved and handed down to us; those writings show that their authors had precisely the same belief as to the marks of the Church that we have at the present day. Among

these writers, we may take one, as an instance. St. Cyprian, who flourished in the middle of the third century, speaks in the fourth book of his work upon the Church, of that very mark which we are now considering, the mark of unity. Most of these writers were leading men in the Church, all of them were men whose writings were well known throughout the Church, in their own and in succeeding ages. Their evidence therefore as to the belief of their contemporaries, the early Christians, is thoroughly reliable, for they had no motive in combining to deceive, and even if they had attempted to deceive, it would have been impossible for them to do so, for their false statements would have been at once refuted.

Thus the truth of history as to these two facts : that Christ actually wrought the miracles recorded of Him, and that He gave us certain marks by which to know His Church, and amongst them the mark of unity, is brought home to us as plainly, as the truth of the statement in which all travellers agree, as to the existence of countries, which we ourselves may never have seen. We should never think of re-examining the evidence upon which we believe in the existence of those foreign countries, of America, for instance. So we may dismiss the objection that we have been considering, and which urged that historical evidence should be always open to re-examination, and that an act of faith could never have a final character.

This brief glance at the evidence for the truth of Christianity is necessarily very incomplete. It does not even touch upon the authentic character of the New Testament as a history. Nor does it touch upon the infallibility of the true Church, which is the very principle of the unity of that Church. But the object of this examination is, not to obtain a complete argument for the truths of Christianity, but merely to discover whether the nature of the human evidence which leads us to accept the Divine authority for the truth of the Catholic Church is compatible, or not, with a supernatural act of faith.

We may now return to the man in original sin, whom we were considering, and to the question, how he can attain to God, first by his reason, and secondly by his will. As regards his reason, we have seen, that by its natural powers alone he can come to the knowledge that God exists and that He speaks to us through the Catholic Church. For these two propositions he can obtain evidence of such a character as will warrant him in accepting the propositions as fully proved and in dismissing

from his mind all thought of examining into them any further. When he has reached this stage he is bound to accept God's word, which he knows is to be found in the teaching of the Catholic Church. He accepts that teaching because it rests upon the Divine authority. God's word must now be the sole and entire motive of his assent; the assent therefore must be absolute and irrevocable. He implicitly accepts the whole of the Catholic teaching, not rejecting those truths which are beyond the capacity of man, but bowing his understanding to the Divine authority. Both the matter and motive of this act are wholly supernatural, and so the man whom we are considering has made a supernatural act of faith.

But this man is in original sin, he is without habitual grace. The natural powers, if unaided by grace, do not suffice to make a supernatural act. He does not possess habitual grace; consequently it was by the aid of actual grace alone that this act of faith was elicited.

And here the question arises: in what does this act, elicited by the aid of actual grace alone, differ from a similar one that might be performed by a person in the state of habitual grace? The difference can be better seen in a simile, than by comparing the acts themselves. We may imagine the case of two children, one of whom has, for some reason, passed his whole life in a dark room, while the other has led the ordinary life of children. If the windows of the room where they are both sleeping are opened and the day-light is allowed to enter the apartment, when the children awake, the one, who all his life has been accustomed to the light, will be able to see, while the other will be unable to see anything. We may compare actual grace to the light which enters the apartment. The soul of the man in habitual grace is like the eyes of the child, who has lived in the way that children commonly live; it possesses the power of utilizing the actual grace which is offered. On the other hand the soul of a man not in a state of grace is like the eyes of the other child. If this child was able to see when the light entered the room we should say that the event was miraculous, because the child's eyes had not yet acquired the habitual power of sight. Yet this is precisely what takes place in the soul of the sinner when he elicits a supernatural act. The powers of his soul are not supernaturalized by habitual grace. Like the eyes of the last-mentioned child, the faculties of his soul do not possess the habitual power of performing the act in question, and yet the

act is performed. A precisely similar grace is given to the sinner, as that which is given to the just man. Neither can perform the supernatural act without this grace, but in the sinner the grace produces an effect, greater than that which it produces in the just man. To both it gives the power of performing the particular act, corresponding to the grace given, as the light enables the two children to see; in addition to this, the grace gives the sinner something that the performance of the act pre-supposes; it gives him the power to use the faculties of his soul in the manner required, a power which in the case of the child we should say was miraculous. Here we have the difference between the two acts that we are considering.

We have now arrived at that stage in the process of the justification of the man in original sin, in which he has made a supernatural act of faith. Let us see what he can do in the way of attaining to God by the other power of his soul, by his will. Can he make a supernatural act of charity? If not, what is the nature of the act of charity of which he is capable?

In order to answer this question we must first examine what it is precisely that we understand by charity. The rendering of good to others, and especially alms-giving, is often spoken of as charity; but it is charity in the stricter sense of the word that we have to examine. Charity in this sense is commonly described as the love of God, but love can be of several kinds. For instance, a man may love wine and also love his children, and though the same word is used to describe these two feelings, the feelings themselves are not the same. In loving wine, he loves the pleasure which the wine is able to give him, the good which exists in the wine and which he is able to apply to himself. This love is founded either on the useful effect derivable from the wine or on self-gratification. But his love for his children is founded upon an entirely different motive. His reason for loving them is not to appropriate to himself the good that they possess; on the contrary, it is to apply to them the good that he possesses. It is a love springing, not from the desire of self-gratification, but from benevolence. Still, to say that his love for his children is a feeling of benevolence does not adequately describe it, for if he gives an alms to a beggar whom he sees for the first time, the feeling which prompts him to this act may be a feeling of pure benevolence, a desire to relieve the wants of the beggar, yet it is not the same feeling as that which he experiences in the case of his children. Between the father

and his children there is a close bond of union which does not exist for a stranger, and this union gives a special character to the father's love. Thus we might describe paternal affection as a love springing from the benevolence which a father experiences for those who are joined to him by ties of blood and of dependence. Again, the love existing between friends is a love of benevolence, called forth by union of another kind, the union resulting from an interchange of good offices. From the very nature of friendship the desire for the other's good must be mutual; unless each of the friends continues to reciprocate the good wishes of which he is the object, friendship in the proper sense of the word, no longer exists between them.

This love of friendship is a correct description of the more perfect kind of charity which exists between God, and a man in the state of grace. It is a mutual love of benevolence founded on the interchange of those gifts which each has to bestow. God on His side confers glory in the next life, and in this life He confers the helps that are needed in order to attain to glory. Every man who is determined to remain in grace offers on his side his submission to those laws, which bind under pain of mortal sin, of forfeiting God's friendship, and the submission offered by many goes a great deal further. This offering on the part of man is of greater or of less value, according as his submission is more or less complete.

But besides this more perfect kind of charity, there is another which is less perfect; less perfect, that is, as far as man is concerned. The love of God for man is always a love of benevolence, and, as we have seen, man's return of love can be of a similar kind. But God is willing to accept a return of a less perfect kind of love. It is not essential to the friendship with God which we are considering, that man's love should be of a disinterested kind; even though man loves God, not with a love of benevolence, but with a selfish love, with the love of that which is good for himself, it is sufficient for that friendship which constitutes charity. Clearly this charity is of a less perfect kind than the former.

From this examination of charity we can see that it can be either natural or supernatural. If man knows God merely as the Author of the visible world, and recognizing that this Being is daily conferring many gifts upon him, makes a return of love and gratitude for those gifts, he entertains towards God a feeling of natural charity.

For supernatural charity, the same conditions are required as for supernatural faith; both the matter and motive must be supernatural. If God is loved, not merely as the Author of nature, but as the Head of the supernatural order, as the Source of the positive moral law by which men are ruled, and of the supernatural aids they receive to enable them to obey that law, the matter of the act of charity is supernatural. But nothing can be either loved or hated unless it is first known, for the good or evil qualities recognized in it are the cause of the love or hatred that it excites. God therefore must be known before He can be loved, and the knowledge must be of the same kind as the love for which it furnishes the motive. The love we are considering is supernatural, consequently the faith preceding it must also be supernatural. The motive for charity, that is furnished by this faith, must also be supernatural. The confidence that the visible world would continue to satisfy the needs of the human race might excite us to gratitude, but the motive would be a natural one; the confidence of obtaining after death the rewards we have merited would be a supernatural motive. Or again, any of God's perfections, His power, His knowledge, His moral goodness, would be supernatural motives for charity.

If these conditions are fulfilled the charity is supernatural. But something more is needed for justification. The charity must be, not only supernatural, but also sufficiently great as to exceed the love of any of those objects which are forbidden under penalty of mortal sin. Perhaps when the man finds himself in presence of one of these objects, his love of it may prove greater than his love for God; nevertheless when he made his act of charity, his intention was to renounce all such objects for the future, and consequently at that time he truly loved God above all such objects as are incompatible with His friendship.

Let us now compare this act of charity with the charity of which man in original sin is capable. In St. Paul's first chapter to the Romans, he blames the heathens for not showing honour and gratitude to God for the visible favours they received from Him; hence we may conclude that they possessed the power to show Him honour and gratitude of a natural kind. While still in original sin, they could as we have seen elicit an act of supernatural faith on receiving the special grace required for this act, but even then a still further grace would be needed before they could make an act of charity. The enlightenment of the reason

which suffices for faith is not sufficient for charity, because we may be fully convinced of the truth of God's law, without having that knowledge of His excellence, and of the goodness of the actions which His law prescribes, to make us prefer them to those actions which are forbidden by His law. Nor again is the strengthening of the will which suffices for faith, sufficient for charity because we may readily accept the evidence for the fact that God has given us a certain law to guide us, and yet shrink from following its guidance, for the effort required to submit ourselves to the law is far greater than the one required to accept the evidence that the law exists. Thus, the man in original sin, if he is to make a supernatural act of charity, must after he has made a supernatural act of faith, receive a special grace to enable him to make the second act. This grace, like the one he received for the supernatural act of faith, must produce in him an effect, in addition to that which it produces in other men. To men in grace it gives the power of eliciting the act for which it is specially designed, but this pre-supposes a certain elevation of the natural powers; the powers of the man in original sin are not thus elevated, consequently the single grace given, must at once elevate his powers and also enable him to elicit the act.

So far we have been considering the case of a man in original sin, but without actual mortal sin, and we have been examining how this man can attain to God by the natural powers of his reason and will, and also by those powers supernaturalized for the occasion of a single act by actual grace. Let us now see how the case of a man who has forfeited the grace of baptism by mortal sin differs from the case that we have been considering.

And first, as regards the reason; the man in mortal sin is not necessarily without the habit of supernatural faith. This we know from the Scripture, which in various places speaks of persons who though without habitual grace, are possessed of faith. The Council of Trent, too, clearly states that a man in mortal sin is not necessarily without faith. Here then is the first difference between the two cases that we are considering. Still, though not necessarily lost by mortal sin, faith is lost by sins which are directly opposed to it, by heresy for instance, infidelity and the like, by which it is wilfully rejected.

Although the position of the man in actual mortal sin is better than the position of the other as regards the reason, as regards the will his position is worse. By mortal sin an act has

been performed by which God has been rejected for some other object. This act of rejection continues in force until it is retracted; and while it continues in force, as it is directly opposed to the love of God, it makes this latter impossible. We may compare the position of the soul to that of a needle lying upon a table between two magnets. One of these magnets must represent God, attracting the soul towards Himself, while the other magnet will represent some forbidden object drawing the soul in the opposite direction. We must suppose that the needle has, like the soul, the power of choosing between these two objects, of determining which attraction it will yield to. It is important to bear in mind this power of self-determination which we attribute to the needle, as it keeps before us the fact that the soul is a free agent in the choice between good and evil. The needle, then, selects the magnet which represents the forbidden object, and moving towards it, becomes firmly attached to it. The position of the needle now represents the position of the soul in mortal sin; it clings to the forbidden object and before it can attach itself to God, it must first relax its grasp and shake off the attraction which holds it fast. It is by an act of contrition that the soul can free itself from this thralldom. This act of contrition must either be explicit, or it must be implicitly contained in another act. An act of perfect charity, by which God is loved for Himself alone, and above all other things, implicitly contains an act of contrition because it implicitly contains a renunciation of that forbidden object which has been preferred to God. In fact an act of contrition is nothing but a retraction of that choice by which the soul selected some forbidden object in preference to God. Having thus retracted the soul is again free to return to God, and under some conditions it is by the act of contrition itself that the return is made; sometimes sacramental grace is needed to complete the return.

The position too, of the soul in original sin but without mortal sin, may be represented by the needle between the magnets, but in this case the needle remains under the influence of both magnets without becoming attached to either, and indeed unable for the time to attach itself to that magnet by which God is represented. Thus we see that such a soul requires to make no act of contrition, no retraction of any previous choice, when it determines to do what lies in its power to attach itself to God.

Let us now consider the soul of one who has been justified, of a man in the state of grace. His case differs very much from the two cases that we have been considering. Both as regards the reason and will, his powers are supernaturalized. By the possession of habitual grace the faculties of his soul are elevated, they are able at any time to perform supernatural acts of faith and charity on reception of the grace specially suited to assist the performance of these acts. Thus, in the just man these powers are constantly in a fit state for producing supernatural acts, and in this his powers differ from those of the sinner, which are not supernaturalized, which are not in that constant state of readiness.

But the reason and will do not constitute the soul itself; the change in them is owing to a change which takes place in the soul, as the sight and hearing, which are bodily powers, might be rendered more piercing and more acute by a change in the bodily organism. The change which thus elevates the faculties of the soul is the infusion of grace into the soul, which takes place at the moment when the man in original sin is baptized, or when the man in actual mortal sin, either by perfect contrition, or by imperfect contrition and the sacrament of Penance, or some other sacrament shakes off the hold of sin. By those acts the obstacle to grace is removed, and at the same moment God infuses His grace into the soul; this grace at once elevates the powers of the soul, enabling it to believe in God and to love Him by supernatural faith and charity. Grace is also accompanied by several other supernatural virtues, but faith and charity are the only ones which it is necessary for the present purpose to consider. These two virtues enable man to love God, while grace makes him an object of special love on the part of God, and he is thus constituted in that state of friendship with God one of the names of which is justification.

Grace itself, which has this double effect, of attracting the special love of God to its recipient and also of elevating his powers and enabling him to make a return of love to God, must be above anything that can belong by right to any possible creature. It constitutes an intimacy between the Creator and the creature, which though it is given freely, could not by any creature be claimed as a due, because intimacy supposes a certain equality. And here we have the reason why grace is evidently something supernatural, above that which is due to any nature that could be created.

It is habitual grace then, that places man upon this footing of intimacy with God, which makes him an object of God's special love; it is the habit of supernatural faith which indirectly enables him to return this love, while it is the habit of supernatural charity which directly enables him to do so; it is by habitual grace that he is made a suitable object for God's friendship, while by the habit of supernatural charity he can reciprocate that feeling of friendship; and this power to elicit an act of supernatural charity suffices for justification, the act need not necessarily be elicited. It is immediately and directly then by grace and habitual charity that man is constituted in a state of friendship with God, in a state of justification, and here we have the answer to the question: what is the immediate cause of justification?

The Pilgrimage.

IN other spots fair morning it may be,
But, sure, 'tis fairest here in Brittany,
This very midst of June! Yea, well I ween
Full hard it were to light on lovelier scene
O'er all the glowing champaign of fair France,
Than this sweet valley by the gentle Rance—
Rhine's rival, save for lack of hoar romance,
Of lofty hills there rising on each hand,
Sheer from its mirroring marge in splendour grand,
Or vine-clad half-way up, and grimly crown'd
Each with its monster Ruin, in dream profound,
Brooding o'er deeds there done in days of old,
That thrill the heart, or make the blood run cold!
Though now, for hindering boscage, I but view,
Fitly, through glistening leaves, its sparkling blue,
So blue and sparkling as both stream and sky
Were met together in great amity,
After last night's dread storm; yet who would guess,
Gazing on this all-peaceful loveliness—
The shadowy slopes, down-gliding fain to meet
And kiss the wooing river at their feet;
The cattle standing still, themselves to cool,
Each on its trembling image in the pool;
Yon golden gates, and deep dim avenue
Of double rows of lofty elm and yew,

Its distant secrecy, with sweet surprise,
Seeming as it might lead to Paradise ;
Orchards, where listless shadows idly play,
Or, stilly sleeping, wile the hours away,
Through the soft languors of a summer day ;
The yellowy fields, around them radiance thrown,
[For they do make a sunshine of their own,]
And odour sweet distilling on the air,
In secret largess ; woodlands, whither fare,
On *fête*-days, happy peasants, life's dull load
Of cares cast off and left in their abode ;
The mill, the Pharos, and white empty road,
And wayside bower-like Shrine ; and, farther down,
The Calvary, of pilgrimage renown ;
The bright blue turrets of the glittering town,
Far off, and still more distant than they seem ;
And, beyond all, the dim sea like a dream ;—
No cloud—nor e'en a zephyr, save such as weaves
Of softest breath among the listless leaves
A stillness deeper for its sootheful hush ;
Nor any sound but song of that sweet thrush,
Pouring his heart out for o'erflow and flush
Of happiness not otherwise to be borne—
For birds will carol on fair summer morn,
Though all we loved be dead,—that one pure song,
Blending with echo, that doth yet prolong
And linger, as reluctant still to die,
Of the sweet Angelus from convent nigh :—
Yea, gazing thus upon this tranquil scene,
How hard to realize, these thoughts between,
No longer since, forsooth, than yesternight,
Raged storm and tempest at such height of might
Terrific, even the heavens themselves coil'd back
In awe, what time it work'd its scath and wrack !

Yet how now ponder upon aught beside,
The signal grace as well as woe-betide,
In every heart this morn?—how, as we lay,
In fear the while, and trembling and dismay,
Safe housed from all its fury, on the land,
Of Bretagne's sons that brave and goodly band
Were there 'mid all the stress thereof, their barque
Toss'd, dash'd, and shatter'd in the ruthless dark,
Darkness impenetrable, around, o'erhead,
As every star and night itself were dead—
Save one still gleam, unquench'd of waves or blast,
At feet of the Madonna 'gainst the mast,
Or such weird glamour as sufficed to show
Horrors it had been better not to know!
The blast was thunder, and the hurricane
Herald of crashing cataracts for rain;
Gone was their rudder, and the bulwark gone,
Gone jib and boom—and hope was all or none—
The one thing only of a sure belief,
That they even now were drifting near the reef,
And ever nearer, as e'er more and more
Plainly they heard its roll above the roar,
Beset at once by pauseless whirlwind fierce,
By stifling dark no human eye could pierce,
The deluge, and the deep,—till, so were they
Cast up, plunged downward, and o'erwhelm'd alway
Alike with floods from o'er them and below,
Seem'd it to their bewilder'd heads as though
Their helpless barque, dismantled, trembling, lost,
Were up and down between two oceans toss'd,
In ruthless sport malign!

Yet, truth to tell,
Though elsewhere ray nor spark were visible,

Save ever that one gleam, so soft and sweet,
Aglow there at the Holy Virgin's feet,
One star still linger'd that ne'er ceased to shine,
In each man's breast the *star of faith divine*;
And to her image in that awful hour
As eyes of all were raised, and they did cower
In suppliant gesture of a last despair,
Forth from their hearts went up the harrowing prayer,
Imploring her of grace to intercede,
That God would save them or alive or dead—
And pledging them, If so 'twere His good will
To bring them out from such all hopeless ill,
And suffer them yet once more to behold
Dear hearth and home, and in their arms enfold
Those fond ones waiting their return, no space
Allowing save for just one first embrace,
They would betake them, with bare heads and feet,
And by the way her Litanies repeat,
Unto St. Jouan, there at her votive shrine
To offer thanks for succour so benign!
'Then, 'mid thick darkness and the surging roar,
Mingled with rolling thunder o'er and o'er,
As charged with death and doom, went forth full fain
From hearts and lips the solemn blissful strain
Of *Ave maris stella*! But who might hear
Murmur so faint, and fainter still for fear,
Scarce by themselves as forth it issued heard,
Save only of their hearts? Still, when demurr'd
Mary of mercy to a prayer preferr'd?
Above the tempest, as all else above,
Her ear it reach'd, and touch'd her tender love;
For ere it well had faded from their lips,
Lo, as at sudden passing of eclipse,
The moon shone gladly out—the dark roll'd back,
Reluctant, and the winds and waves, and crack

And crash of thunder, at their topmost bent,
Began all three together to relent,
Obedient to the Power at whose command
Even they must pause! And straight the faithful band,
Who seem'd but now as destin'd for their prey,
Were holpen to pursue their grateful way—
All serious rift and wrack, as best they could,
With zeal by hope redoubled once made good.

And so, albeit in sorry plight forlorn,
The port they enter'd living men this morn—
And here they come! Nor only they, but friends
And kindred in procession scarce that ends,
Far as the eye may reach. Hark! now I hear
Sound of their voices singing, as they near
The Calvary—or, rather, as they bow
Themselves thereat in adoration now,
Chanting the *O crux ave*, with the whole
Outpouring of their very heart and soul,
E'er in whose secret depths, with mindful thrill,
Low murmurs of the tempest linger still,
And, blending, too, with joy their hearts that sways,
Add yet a fervour to their prayer and praise;
Yea, with such ardent faith, so pure and sound,
It well those godless prophets might confound,
Men who of purpose from glad souls would steal
That sweetest joy their own would scorn to feel,
Despoil them without pity of far more
Than all the world could give, or, filch'd, restore;
And yet who nothing have of their own creed,
Save nothingness, to proffer in its stead—
Like as the Pharisees did seek to close
The Kingdom of Heaven against the hopes of those
Whose hearts were yearning entrance there to win,

Where they themselves cared not to enter in ;
 Would they were here now, all the hopeless band,
 To hearken, and behold, and understand,
 Who, haply, know not what they fain would do,
 Snatch from heaven's gate souls e'en just gazing through!
 But, lo, again the swelling lengthening line
 Now moving on towards the roadside shrine,
 Fair chapel of Our Lady of Lorette,
 With its bell-gable, and the portal set
 E'er open wide, revealing tender glows
 Of hallow'd symbols and such pure repose,
 And all with ivy overclad ; but where
 Not oft doth pause, to breathe his humble prayer,
 Burgher or peasant as he passeth by,
 Even here, in still so faithful Brittany,
 Whose sons, days gone, days more devout than these,
 The sacred flags did hollow with their knees,
 But now, alas, no thought or care betray
 Of such sweet grace, to cheer them on their way.
 Yet are there of that goodly number still,—
 Oh ! with a sweetness how ineffable
 Goes up that *Ave maris stella*, as fain
 My thought to answer by a proof so plain !
 Else, surely would the Lord, long tried full sore,
 On this whole nation His just vengeance pour,
 Who in His mercy doth withhold and spare,
 Because still found are some few righteous there.

Once more up hither wend they now—rough dress'd
 And grim, the brave crew foremost, three abreast,
 And with bare heads and feet—preceded, lo,
 By the good Curé with his locks of snow,
 Erect, and marching in the fortitude
 Of holy fervour as with youth renew'd,—

Flush'd, and half strange, as risen from the dead,
They follow, each tawny visage overspread
With joy and gladness, yet, in all despite,
Dash'd with still lingering shades of yesternight—
Grave tokens, they, of reverent heed, that are
Just masterstrokes of what they seem to mar,
As when, the tempest overpast and gone,
With all its dreadful properties, anon
The sun doth at the zenith re-appear,
Enhanced of sheen, and all the sky grows clear,
Save for some scatter'd remnants of the rack,
Fray'd off and left upon its printless track,
That still do hang about the air, unsway'd,
And turn to purpling beauty as they fade.
Doubtless they ponder, though their eyes, I ween,
Take in but little of this tranquil scene,
How different, forsooth, it might have been,
But for God's mercy and almighty power,
That husbands, brothers, yea, this self-same hour,
Had else been drifting in their restless graves,
Under the mounds of unrecording waves!
Nor marvel is it yonder sailor lad,
Brave as his elders and as roughly clad,
Should be too light of heart for any trace
Of pain or terror on his happy face,
Who look'd to have the deep for marriage-bed,
But now, ere many morrows, will be wed
To that fair damsel walking at his side,—
For next do follow all the near allied,
Mothers and wives and sisters; and, again,
Neighbours and strangers, in e'er lengthening train—
Whereof an end at last. And, soft and sweet,
Mid the deep silence left of their retreat,
From time to time I catch the joyful sound

Of fair St. Jouan's happy bells renown'd,
Them greeting far off from their journey's end,
With whose full voices, chanting, as they wend,
Our Lady's Litany, their own do twine
And mingle into harmony divine.

And I will after, thanking God that He
A sight so goodly suffers me to see ;
Will follow, and, with heart refresh'd and blest,
Mingle my soul's *Te Deum* with the rest.

ROBERT STEGGALL.

The Heat of the Sun.

WITHOUT warmth all life, all motion, all energy would be impossible. And leaving aside the relatively insignificant supply of heat which is derived from the internal portions of the earth, or from its motion of rotation converted into heat through the medium of the tides, the source of all warmth is to be traced back to the sun, the centre of our system. To him we owe even the cheery blaze of our household fires, for unless he had poured forth his light and heat untold ages ago upon the earth, setting in motion the wonderful machinery of vegetable organisms, the coal-fields of to-day could never have been formed. Since then the life and happiness of man are so intimately bound up with the heat of the sun, it will be interesting to see how this heat is transmitted to us, and what may be its probable amount.

And first with regard to the mode of transmission of the solar heat. There are but three modes in which heat can be transmitted, by conduction, by convection, and by radiation; by conduction when there is actual contact either of the hotter and colder portions of the same body, or between a hot and cold body; by convection when the material body containing the heat is carried from one place to another; and finally by that transference of energy of vibration known as radiation. A familiar example of the three modes of heat transmission is furnished by hot-water pipes: the heat is carried from the boiler through the pipes by convection currents of water, the hot water transfers its heat to the pipes themselves by conduction, and the pipes warm the objects in a room by radiation. Heat as derived from the sun is transmitted by radiation, the rays travelling in straight lines through a homogeneous medium such as our atmosphere. It would nevertheless be a mistake to suppose that these rays are carriers only of heat. They carry the whole radiant energy of the sun, which energy is manifested as heat, or light, or by its chemical effects solely according to the object by which they may be intercepted. The eye sees

them, the body feels them, and the silver salts of the photographic plate are dissolved by them ; but light rays, heat rays, and chemical rays are objectively one and the same. Yet some distinction does exist among them, as can be easily gathered from a very simple experiment. Let the rays of the sun be concentrated by means of a burning-glass upon an object placed at its focus. It first feels warm to a hand held at a short distance from it laterally, that is, it is giving out rays which can be felt but not seen. Growing hotter, it next affects the organ of sight, but as yet only those nerves which furnish to the brain the consciousness of redness, that is, we have superimposed upon the dark rays, other rays which appear as red. At a third stage, and still gaining heat, it appears of a dazzling whiteness, when rays are given out which affect not only the sense of touch, but also put into vibration, as modern physicists would have it, the whole of our optic nerves. Thus by a continuous putting together of rays or synthesis, we have produced the state of radiation known as white heat, which affects two of our senses.

The process may now be reversed, and the brilliant whiteness of the glowing metal analyzed by placing a glass prism cut at a proper angle in the path of the rays. They will emerge sifted, and bent round towards the thicker part of the prism, forming a spectrum, the dark or heat rays being the least bent of all, the violet the most, and the other colours in their order, from red to violet. As an illustration of this action of the prism, let it be supposed that eight persons are skating abreast on smooth ice, distinguished one from the other by a series of badges, black, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Moreover, black badge is a man of powerful build, tall and muscular ; red one grade removed from his companion in strength, and so on through the line of skaters, violet-badge, though full of life and energy, being quite a small lad. In the first place we may notice that for violet to skate abreast of red he will require many more strokes of the skate than are taken by his more powerful companion. Precisely analogously, when white light travels in air, the vibrations of the ether caused by the violet rays are much more rapid than those caused by the red. Our line of skaters suddenly come across a stretch of rough ice in the shape of a V, all striking it simultaneously and with the right foot forward. Since it will require an appreciable though small time to bring the left foot up to the rough ice, all will be slewed round towards the right hand, but in different propor-

tions, for black having the greatest amount of energy, will not be affected in his course nearly as much as the fast-going though much lighter weight violet, whose course will deviate most of all from the original path. On emerging from the rough ice, as is evident from its shape, the left foot will come out first, having less distance to travel than the right foot, and so all will be still further bent out of their course, and will come out a scattered band, violet being the most deflected of all. And so when a ray of white light comes across the face of a prism from the air, the component colours which heretofore had been travelling at the same rate, are turned from their course in different proportions, and emerge in the form of the well-known band of colour called the spectrum. The dark heat rays, too, though invisible to human eyes, are there in the spectrum beyond the red end. It is not impossible that they are the means by which the retinas of some of the lower forms of animal life are excited to vision. Their chemical activity has been proved by Captain Abney, who has photographed, on properly prepared plates, this invisible end of the spectrum, and, what seems more paradoxical still, has obtained a picture of a hot kettle in the dark. But the most successful attempt to map this dark region has been made by Professor Langley. Using an instrument of his own devising called the "bolometer," or ray-measurer, of exquisite sensibility, and constructed on the well-known principle that an electric current will more easily flow through a cold wire than through a warm one, he has explored the spectrum to what seems its uttermost limits, the length of the infra-red portion being about three times that of the visible extent.

The question as to the probable amount of heat transmitted from sun to earth now claims our attention. But since heat is a physical quantity and therefore capable of measurement, the expression of such measurement requires that some standard or unit of heat be selected. The amount of heat which will raise 1 lb. of water through a range of one degree on the Fahrenheit thermometer, is a convenient unit for our purpose. Two methods are principally in use for the determination of the intensity of solar radiation. In the first a known amount of matter, such as water or mercury, is exposed for a known time to the action of a sunbeam of known dimensions, and the rise in temperature noted. This is called the dynamic method, as it involves the determination of a rate. The second, or statical method, will be described when treating of the sun's tempera-

ture. Sir John Herschel's instrument for determining the intensity of solar radiation, as used by him at the Cape in 1838, was of the first kind. So, too, was Pouillet's, called by him the "pyrheliometer," and constructed a few month's later. Essentially it consisted of a little blackened box full of water, which could by means of a suitable mounting be directed squarely to the sun. Inserted in the box was a thermometer, and the water could also be kept agitated by rotating the whole apparatus. Both Pouillet's and Herschel's results agree very closely. According to the former, the amount of heat falling on each square centimetre of the earth, the sun being in the zenith, would in one minute raise 1.7633 grains of water through 1° C. Turning this result into English measures, the heat received from the rays of the vertical sun in one minute by a square of $\frac{4}{10}$ ths of an inch side, are competent in the same time to raise 15.1 grains of water 1° Fahr.; a result at first sight ridiculously small. But at this rate the heat received by each square mile of the earth's surface, were it all utilized in warming water, would in one minute raise 750 tons from the freezing to the boiling point. There being in the earth's section exposed to the solar rays some 49,000,000 square miles, the number of tons of water which could be raised through the same range of the thermometer under the same circumstances is simply enormous. And were account taken of the amount of radiant energy which is absorbed by our atmosphere in its transit from sun to earth, this number would have to be multiplied by the factor 1.7, or in other words, nearly one-half the radiant heat of the sun is stopped by our atmosphere.

It will be interesting to regard this enormous quantity of heat from two other points of view. To melt 1 lb. of ice the temperature remaining unaltered at the freezing point, 142.65 thermal units on the lb. Fahr. scale are required. Let it be supposed that on the circle of the earth's orbit a mighty sphere of ice were constructed, of one inch in thickness. Since the distance of the sun from the earth may be reckoned as 92,800,000 miles, twice this number would represent the diameter of such a sphere. Sir John Herschel has shown that it would take but two hours twelve minutes for the sun's rays, were their heat substracted for no other purpose, to melt this huge crystal globe. Further, let it be supposed that the globe began to contract on to the sun, the diameter constantly decreasing and therefore the density of the ice proportionally increasing, until the sun became locked in

the embrace of a thick shell of ice. Yet would he burn his way out at the rate of forty feet a minute, equivalent to the combustion of two-thirds of a ton of coal every hour on every square foot of his immense surface. What work, we may ask, is such a stupendous amount of heat capable of doing? Again, there is necessity of choosing a standard of measurement, and since work is the overcoming of a resistance through a certain distance, the unit of work selected for practical purposes is the amount of work that would be done against the force of gravity in lifting 1 lb. through a distance of one foot. A long series of experiments by Dr. Joule, of Manchester, has established the fact that a certain relation exists between a unit of work and a thermal unit, one unit of the latter being equivalent to $772\frac{1}{2}$ units of the former, thus proving that heat is but one of the several forms of energy. Now the heat received by the earth at its equator would, if wholly converted into work, every year raise fifty-three tons through a mile for every square foot of surface, which is equivalent to over 16,000 tons raised every minute through the same height for every square mile of surface.

It must be borne in mind, also, that the earth receives but a scanty quota of the whole supply of heat poured forth by the sun into space. For no less than 2,200,000,000 earths could be placed on an imaginary sphere constructed on the earth's orbit as a great circle. Defining one horse-power to be the doing of 33,000 units of work in one minute, each square yard of the sun's surface is equivalent to an engine of 108,000 H.P., or about the total H.P. of the engines of eleven first class iron-clads. At the distance of the earth this amount corresponds to 1 H.P. for every 25 square feet when the sun is in the zenith.¹ Fill, then, land and sea in imagination with horses, one to every 25 square feet of surface all over the globe, and let them work with untiring activity. Such is the intensity of solar radiation received by the earth as reckoned in horse-power.

Knowing the radiant energy of the sun, it might not at first sight seem a difficult thing to gauge the corresponding temperature. But as will be seen there is as yet no known law which connects radiation and temperature. Before proceeding, however, our terms must be clearly defined. What meaning is to be attached to the phrase, the "temperature of the sun?" As is well known, the sun consists of a gaseous core, surrounded by an atmosphere of gaseous strata, the density of which, as

¹ Stokes, "On Light," *Burnett Lectures*, p. 252.

well as the temperature, is continually decreasing, until the outer regions become comparatively cool. Accordingly the "effective temperature" of the sun is defined to be the temperature of a spherical shell, coated with that best of all radiators, lamp-black, which shell would possess the mean temperature of all the different gaseous strata which constitute the sun. The intensity of radiation on a unit of area is inversely as the square of the distance of the area from the radiating source. Thus the radiation on a square foot of surface at two feet from the source would be only one-fourth its intensity at one foot, while at three feet it would have fallen to but one-ninth part of the original value. But does the same law hold for temperature? Sir Isaac Newton's opinion was that it did, an opinion supported in modern times by Secchi and Ericsson. In the *Principia* it is written:² "Est enim calor solis ut radorum densitas, hoc est reciproce ut quadratum distantiae locorum a sole." In the passage from which the quotation has been extracted the great philosopher is endeavouring to prove that the substance of a comet is of a solid nature, and not of the form of vapours or exhalations. Otherwise the comet of 1680, which he had observed in its passage near the sun, would have been dissipated under the huge temperature it must have experienced. This temperature he proceeds to calculate in the following manner. The distance of the comet from the centre of the sun on the 8th of December was to the distance of the earth from the same point in the ratio of 6 to 1,000, hence he concluded that the heat received by equal areas of the comet and earth were to one another as 1,000,000 to 36, or as 28,000 to 1. "But," he proceeds, "the temperature of boiling water is about thrice as great as the temperature which dry earth takes up in the summer sun, as I have learnt by experiment." Hence we may reckon that the temperature of the comet was $28,000 \times 60^\circ = 1,680,000^\circ$ Fahr., which, as Captain Ericsson points out, taking the temperature of red-hot iron as 840° , almost exactly tallies with Newton's estimate of "2,000 times that of red-hot iron." Since the distance of the comet from the centre of the sun was one-third the solar radius, the temperature of the solar surface on the Newtonian law would come out as $2,986,000^\circ$ Fahr. We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this passage, because it not only illustrates in a very simple manner the application of the "law of inverse squares," but also because it contains the principle of

² *Principia*, Third Edit., 1726, p. 508.

the action of actinometers constructed for the application of the statical method of measuring solar radiation, to which reference has already been made. The experiment which Newton mentions was simply to expose dry earth, a substance of good absorptive qualities, to the direct rays of the sun, and to note its difference of temperature when so exposed, and when placed in the shade, the latter reading being also presumably the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. The experiment may be rough, but the principle of noticing how much the direct rays of the sun will raise the temperature of a body exposed to them, above that of an environment or enclosure kept at a constant value, is of the very essence of all statical actinometers. It will be needless, and might be tedious to describe the technical details of such actinometers as those of Secchi or Violle: the principle of their construction will suffice. The same reasons prevent us giving more than a passing notice to the extremely ingenious instruments constructed by Captain Ericsson, the experimental results of which he considers to altogether corroborate and strengthen the Newtonian doctrine. Nevertheless the law appears to break down when applied beyond a very limited range of temperature, and to furnish exaggerated and impossible results. For instance, Bunsen's value for the temperature of a body heated in the oxy-hydrogen flame is $2,800^{\circ}\text{C}$; but if Newton's law be applied it comes out $45,000^{\circ}\text{C}$.

Accordingly, owing to doubts thrown on the correctness of the law, Dulong and Petit in the second decade of the present century proposed a new empirical law, based on a complete series of experiments concerning the velocity of cooling of a thermometer both in air and in vacuo. By this new rule temperature increasing in arithmetical progression, radiation increases in geometrical progression. For instance, according to Newton the velocity of cooling for a temperature of 200° above an inclosure should be double that for a temperature of 100° , while Dulong and Petit find that it is nearly three times as much. But if Newton erred by exaggerating, Dulong and Petit have equally failed by minimizing results. Pouillet's experiments with his actinometer, when viewed in the light of the newer law, would make the solar temperature somewhat below $2,000^{\circ}\text{C}$.

But this is impossible, for as we are told, at the focus of Bernière's great burning-glass, set up in the gardens of the Luxembourg at the end of the last century, such refractory

metals as iron and gold were melted and ran like butter. The principle of the burning-glass is very simple, for it virtually brings the sun to such a distance from the object placed at the focus, that the apparent diameter of the sun would be equal to that of the glass when viewed from its own focus. The largest burning-glasses so far constructed would bring the sun to a distance from the earth equal to that of the moon. It follows then that the temperature of the sun must be far higher than that of molten gold, and also were the sun to approach as near to us as the moon the whole earth would in a few instants be dissipated in vapour.

A third law has accordingly been proposed by Professor Rosetti of Padua, like that of his French predecessors, founded on a series of experiments. It has been tested and found correct up to a temperature of $2,000^{\circ}$ C. This law demands that radiation should increase as the square of the absolute temperature, that is reckoning the temperatures from the absolute zero of -273° C. If the readings of the actinometer are reduced by this last method, the resulting solar effective temperature becomes $18,000^{\circ}$ Fahr., a value which Professor Young considers to be more reasonable than any of the earlier estimates.³

The problem of the sun's temperature has been attacked along yet other lines. As is well known, the sun is surrounded by a stratum of burning hydrogen called the chromosphere, the mean height of which, as deduced from eight years' observation at Stonyhurst, is about three thousand six hundred miles. Out of this stratum fiery prominences are continually rising, the velocities of which are capable of measurement both by means of the ordinary micrometer, and when the up or down rushes take place in the line of sight by a spectroscopic method before described.⁴ Velocities of thirty miles a second are common, those of sixty, eighty, and even one hundred miles a second frequent, while phenomenal instances of two hundred and thirty miles a second have been recorded both by Young⁵ and Secchi.⁶ If these outbursts on the solar surface be regarded as the result of the escape of powerfully compressed gases, they can be brought under the dominion of the mathematician, and their temperature gauged with some degree of accuracy. It is necessary to know the velocity of the gas, the force of gravity at the solar surface, the mechanical equivalent of heat, and the

³ *The Sun*, p. 267.

⁴ *THE MONTH*, April, 1887, p. 551.

⁵ *The Sun*, p. 210.

⁶ *Le Soleil*, vol. ii. p. 54.

capacity of the gas for heat under constant pressure, all of which quantities are measurable. In 1870 Zöllner⁷ by this method deduced 27,700° C. and 64,800° C. as the temperatures of the strata lying respectively immediately above and below the photospheric level. With a far greater number of observations to work upon, Hirn,⁸ in 1884, calculated that 2,000,000° C. was the lowest internal temperature that could be allowed to account for such huge velocities as are seen in solar flames, although that of the visible surface of the sun need not exceed 100,000° C. Again, efforts have been made by Mr. Lockyer, by comparing the emission spectra of metals as seen in a laboratory with the absorption spectra as given in the solar spectrum, to obtain some knowledge of the temperature where such absorption is produced, a mode of attack which seems likely to be very fruitful in results. Nor must we pass unnoticed the direct comparison which Professor Langley has made between the radiation derived from the sun and that from the mass of molten metal contained in the Bessemer converter.⁹ Such is the dazzling brilliancy of the liquid steel, that when a new mass of melted iron is added to the metal already contained in the converter, the stream is actually dark by contrast. "Like chocolate poured into a white cup" is Langley's very apt simile. Yet, taking equal areas, the heat radiation of the solar surface was found to be more than eighty-seven times that of the seething metal, and that, too, without making any allowance for the portion lost not only by absorption in the ordinary atmosphere, but also by that smoke-laden portion of it which surrounds the town of Pittsburg, where the experiment was carried out. It will be convenient, in concluding this brief review of the question of solar temperature, to throw into a tabular form the figures which have been given by various authorities. They are as follows, given in degrees Fahrenheit:

TABLE OF TEMPERATURES OF THE SUN.

1. Assuming Newton's law.		2. Assuming Dulong and Petit's law.	
Newton (1680)	. . . 2,968,000°	Pouillet (1838)	. 2,662° to 3,202°
Waterston (1860)	. . . 12,880,000°	Violle (1872)	. 2,548°
Secchi (1861)	. . . 18,000,000°	3. Assuming Rosetti's law.	
Ericsson (1884)	. . . 3,060,727°	Rosetti (1879)	. 36,716°

⁷ Clerke, *History of Astronomy*, p. 262.⁸ *L'Astronomie*, Sept. 1884.⁹ *The Century Magazine*, Dec. 1884.

4. Other methods.

	Above photosphere.	Below same.
Zöllner (1870) } from velocities of {	49,892	123,152
Hirn (1884) } solar prominences {	135,000	3,600,000
Langley (1884) between 5,400 and 54,000.		

As is apparent from a mere glance at the foregoing table, great is the diversity of opinion as to the temperature of the sun among even those whose opinion on the subject is most entitled to respect. The numbers range from 3000°, as given by the French school of physicists, to the 18,000,000° of Secchi. It is worthy of note that the value deduced from Newton's observations, that given by Ericsson's pyrometer¹⁰ and solar engine,¹¹ and that derived by Hirn from considering the velocities of solar flames, agree with one another within tolerable limits. Sir William Siemens' opinion inclined to a value about 5000°, while Langley and Young seem to think Rosetti's result most worthy of credence. It would seem almost impossible to measure this quantity until a surer knowledge is obtained of the law which connects radiation and temperature. The difficulty lies in the inability to test any empirical formula beyond some 4,000° Fahr., the limit to which bodies can be heated on this earth. And yet, so far, the whole history of science declares that it would be rash indeed to deny that the goal is attainable. We have already seen along how many lines the problem is able to be attacked. Perhaps one of the most promising of these is that by which the spectrum of incandescent metals is compared with the solar spectrum, for the effects of the dissociating power of the electric spark are comparable with those which are produced by the transcendental temperatures of the sun. From such comparisons some are induced to think that the solar temperature is approximately that of the voltaic arc.

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¹⁰ *Nature*, Sept. 11, 1884.

¹¹ *Ibid.* Jan. 3, 1884.

The Kimberley Diamond Mines.

UP to a very few years ago a journey to Kimberley was an undertaking. It involved a lot of "roughing it," a good deal of real hardship, and some risk. Even five years ago the railway stopped short at Beaufort West, leaving about three hundred and fifty miles to be travelled by coach through a country but one remove from a desert. Previously to that the journey had been even worse, and any old colonial can flood the new-comer with terrible tales of adventures in those by-gone days. To be sure, the average, "old colonist" is apt to tax his imagination somewhat heavily, and some members of the order have even been known to tell downright fibs, but all the same there is no doubt that a journey of seven hundred miles was an ugly bit of work in the pre-railway era, and which of us, after all, is not inclined to make the most of his sufferings? And certainly even the shorter journey from Beaufort was as unpleasant an experience as a sensible man need wish for.

At least so our small, but very select, party of two thought, when early in the year of grace 1883 we found ourselves starting for Kimberley. Our first stage was by rail, but this comparative luxury ended when after fourteen or fifteen weary dusty hours we got into Beaufort in the evening, and were forcibly taken possession of by one of the coloured touts who belong to the different hotels. At some chill and unearthly hour of the morning the tooting of a broken-winded bugle under our window awoke us with a jump. Shivering and wretched we came outside and found some half-dozen "coloured gentlemen" loading the coach with our luggage, while the driver, a very great man, swore impartially at every one and every thing, except when now and then he vouchsafed to accept a drink from some passenger anxious to propitiate him. And when at last we did get under weigh how that driver made his horses go! There was invariably some difficulty with one at least of the team, but at last all the horses were standing quiet,

each of the six with a boy hanging on to his head, and when the driver, after a preliminary tug at the ribbons and a flourish of his long whip gave the word to "let go" what a storm there was of fierce oaths in Dutch and English, of whips cracking like pistol shots, and what a wild vision of plunging horses, and flying dogs, and grinning "darkies," while the houses and walls seemed to lurch up against us as we swung from side to side of the road, until at length the mad gallop came down to a steady trot and we realized that we were out of the town, and that the sun was rising in front of us over the low horizon of the boundless veldt. Then for four days came a horrible time, like a prolonged nightmare. Every three or four hours we came to a little roadside house where we changed horses, and at some of which we got meals. We were always supposed to rest for some hours at night at one of these places, but practically, from one cause or another, we had hardly half a dozen hours' sleep the whole way. And when we did lie down to sleep it was generally advisable, for good and sufficient reasons, to lie down in our clothes.

These wayside inns were mostly indescribably dirty, and the food they provided was of the coarsest. Greasy tough mutton and coarse brown bread were the staples, and for this the proprietor charged with a faith in the value of his provisions which was affecting. We also could indulge in Bass's beer at the rate of two shillings and six pence for a small bottle, and most of us bought it, for the only alternative was water from the pond outside, thick with mud and nameless sediment. The host boiled down this water into two decoctions which he named tea and coffee, but they were not tempting, and the less so as milk was an unknown luxury in its natural state, and we had to use condensed milk *faute de mieux*. And let no one fancy that this description of the food at an average up country inn is either over-coloured or a thing of the past. It is the same to-day where the railway does not run, and even in many country towns of fair size it is very little better.

But bad as it was, the accommodation was only one of our troubles. The passengers were a very mixed lot; English merchants, dirty German Jews, Irish masons, Welsh and Cornish miners, were all squeezed in together, and worst of all, sometimes a baby and the baby's mother. When this last happened the cup of the traveller was indeed full. South African horses, too, have a trick of sticking fast, and refusing, under any and all circum-

stances, to budge an inch, and then the travellers have to turn to and argue with them with whips and sticks and angry words until they conclude to move. Sometimes we stuck in a deep hole full of tenacious mud, and often enough, after belabouring the horses and shoving at the wheels till our strength failed us, had to turn out the spades which, in view of such an occurrence were always carried, and literally dig out the coach. Rivers were swollen and impassable; horses not to be found at the post-houses, the Kaffirs in charge having gone off to a beer-drinking; horses got knocked up on the road and had to be turned adrift, they to fare as best they might, and we to go on with a diminished team. Add to this the execrable roads; the fierce heat in summer and the biting cold in winter; the flat monotonous and dreary country, where sometimes in a day's journey we would see no houses but those we stopped at; and the accidents, often fatal, from coaches being overturned, or rivers being swollen; and it will be readily believed that it needed the *auri sacra fames* to induce men to take such a trip. The strongest were good for nothing for days after, and indeed most men went to bed for a day or two to recruit.

The trip is a far from pleasant one even now-a-days, when thirty-six hours in a Pullman car carries one from Cape Town to Kimberley. The dust, the hideous scenery, and the slowness of the trains combine to depress the traveller. And when we are at our journey's end, and some fellow-traveller points out Kimberley on the horizon there is nothing very inspiring in the sight. But when we are fairly in the town, ugly, flat and dusty as it is, we can't feel disappointed, all is too strange, and there is too obvious a sense of bustle and "go" about the place for that. Kimberley's great characteristic is glare. The streets are broad and white and dusty, the sky is blazing, and the low roofs of the one-storied houses, and in many cases their walls as well, are of corrugated iron, which reflects the light in a way which is absolutely blinding. The whole place has an ephemeral look, as if to-morrow it could be packed up and taken off to be put together somewhere else, and one can readily understand why the inhabitants speak affectionately of it as the "Camp." The streets are irregular, and no wonder, for in the early days every man put down his tent where it seemed good to him, and afterwards built his house on the same accommodating plan.

But there is not much in the way of streets or buildings that is remarkable; the mines are the things to see, so we put on a

dust coat and a helmet—for even in mid-winter the heat is great in the day time—and sally forth to inspect them. The main mine, the Kimberley, is right in the centre of the town, the others are at some little distance, so as the day is hot and the roads six inches deep in dust, and as the Kimberley mine is typical of all the others we will confine ourselves to that. The mines are not mines at all in the usual sense, they are much more like gigantic quarries. This arises from the peculiar conditions under which the diamonds are found. Diamonds appear here only in a very stiff blue clay which fills crater-like cavities in the ground. This clay is in no sense any sort of stratum, there is no trace of it in the surrounding ground, and I believe geologists are very much puzzled to know how on earth it ever got where it is.

When first these fields were discovered science was utterly at fault. On the first rumour that diamonds were found in South Africa an enterprising City firm of jewellers sent out a gentleman, an expert, and great authority upon the habitats of precious stones, to report, and, if necessary, buy up the whole of the mines, which he could have done at the time for very little money, as few people believed in the thing at all. He went up to Kimberley, and after a thorough examination of the whole locality came back disgusted, and reported that it was a physical impossibility that diamonds ever could have been, or ever should be found there. As the mines on that very ground now turn out upwards of four millions of pounds' worth of diamonds every year, I think I am right in saying that science was rather "out" on that occasion. But to come back to our mine. The craters of which I have spoken are as much as half a mile wide at the top, and when first found were covered over with some feet of the loose shale and sand of which the surrounding country is chiefly composed. When first the stones were found it was easy enough to parcel out the surface into "claims," or blocks of thirty feet square, which claims were let to diggers at a charge of ten shillings per month. But as the workings sank deeper the difficulty of keeping the claims distinct increased, and led to many disputes; and, what was of more consequence—for disputes in those days cost little, being settled by the cheap law of the revolver and knife—the expense of working them became heavy, so that syndicates were formed, the large men bought out the small fry, and to-day the mines are in few hands.

Looking down on the mine from the top we see a huge hole, half a mile wide at the top and perhaps a third of a mile at the bottom, by some four hundred feet deep. Down below there is a whole swarm of men, mostly black men, with a few white overseers. From below a perfect network of wires extends to the engine houses on the bank. These are the aerial tramways, consisting of two parallel wires between which hang the tubs as they are drawn up full or let down empty. The scene is a most animated one; the crowd of men below, hard at work with pick and shovel, digging out the blue clay and loading it into the tubs; the smoke and throb of the engines beside us; the constant movement of the tubs as they run up and down on the light wires, and over all an African sun blazing in a cloudless sky, make up a picture the fellow of which can hardly be found in the world. Also there is not wanting the excitement of very frequent accidents, for it must be remembered that the walls of the mine are almost perpendicular, and as the earth—or reef as it is called—is very loose and friable it is constantly falling in. This may be caused by atmospheric causes, or by the vibration of the blasting which is done at certain hours. Kimberley men indeed are apt to ascribe these falls to the devil. For they mean heavy loss. Down comes the reef, hundreds of tons of it, burying the men beneath, and, what is perhaps of more consequence in the owners' eyes, the valuable blue ground, under fifty feet of earth and rock, destroying tubs and wires, and tools. And then for weeks, often for months, are the men working to remove this load and get at the diamondiferous ground while shareholders clamour for their buried dividends. In the mines lately they have been adopting a system of underground working which so far has been very successful and which seems likely to become general in all the mines, as by it all risk of falling reef is avoided. But until recent times there was hardly a day on which some men were not killed either by dynamite carelessly handled, or by falling rocks.

The blasting in the mines is quite a feature in "the Camp." The blue clay being very stiff and hard, dynamite is about the easiest way to break it up, and blasting is allowed three times a day, at sunrise, noon, and sunset. The first idea of a stranger as he wakes on the morning after his arrival, is that the town is being cannonaded, so frequent and heavy are the explosions. And woe betide him if he happen to be riding a strange horse past the mines about noon; he is likely to

make practical acquaintance with the depth of Kimberley dust.

But so far we have only seen the first stage of diamond finding, we must now follow the blue clay as it is brought up. As each tub runs up to the bank, a "darkey" tips it up, and the contents tumble out into a shoot which sends them into tramcars waiting to receive them. These cars are drawn by horses, and run out to deposit the clay on the "drying floors." These floors are nothing but large bare spaces where the clay is spread out and left for between six weeks and three months to be thoroughly broken up by the influence of the weather. This is the only way to treat it, it is so hard that the stones cannot be washed out at once, and to pulverize it would be to pulverize the diamonds too, which would be expensive. Other tramcars again are always running from these floors to the sorting houses, carrying the clay which has been long enough exposed, and which has now to undergo its final treatment. I must remark, *en passant*, that the appearance of these drying floors is very curious. I remember on my first visit that when I saw one in the distance I took it for a cabbage garden, and could not imagine what Kimberley men wanted with such multitudes of cabbages, and indeed the mistake was natural, for what Englishman seeing several acres covered with blue-green stuff would think of anything but cabbages?

And now, after watching all the preliminary stages, we at last see diamonds actually being found. The cars run up and shoot their load of clay, now loose and dry, into the first of a row of great tubs, through which a stream of water is always flowing, clear as it goes in, but coming out thick and turgid. In each tub is turning an iron mixer, which thoroughly breaks up and separates the earth falling in. The result of this is that in the first tub the heavy stones sink, while the lighter ones pass with the earth and water into the next. Here the same process is repeated, the stones sinking in each tub, till the water at last runs out carrying only the lighter earth, all the heavy matter having been deposited in one or other of the tubs. After earth enough has passed through, the process is stopped, and the residue taken out and carried to the flat tables where three or four men—usually the managers, for the operation is an important one—sort the mass. Each man has a little triangular piece of iron with which he rakes

over layer after layer of the stones, every now and then picking out an opaque whitish stone which he tells you is a diamond. It requires both practice and sharp eyes to tell the diamonds from the numerous bits of quartz and pebble, for of course in this stage the diamonds are dull and shapeless; it is only after cutting that they gain the fire which gives them value. It has a strange fascination of its own, this watching diamonds being picked up so quietly and carelessly; large and small, those that are worth a couple of pounds, and those that would fetch a king's ransom, they are all taken as a matter of course and excite no remark.

There is one peculiarity of diamonds which is little known, though Jules Verne has founded one of his stories upon it. In some of the large stones, after they have been exposed to the air for a few days, splits appear, which extend and deepen until the stone is completely broken up, and of course made worthless. Imagine the horror of a broker who has bought a valuable stone, and who finds it split and broken and not worth as many shillings as it cost him hundreds of pounds. It is a consolation that the diamond brokers are mostly Jews, who, in all places and under all circumstances, are very well able to take care of themselves.

From the very first the great difficulty of the diggers has been to prevent their labourers stealing diamonds. All over South Africa, but more especially in Kimberley, there are men who make a business of buying stolen stones. A Kaffir in one of the mines sees a diamond tumble out of its bed some morning, and picks it up unseen. He can give it up to the overseer and receive a surly word of thanks, or he can secrete it till he comes up and sell it for a sum one twentieth part of its value indeed, but which means unlimited drink to him. What wonder if he choose the pleasanter alternative? Indeed, so many are the diamonds that are picked up by the Kaffirs, that the trade of I. D. B.—mystical letters, well understood at the Cape, which stand for *Illicit Diamond Buying*—is a prosperous and flourishing one. The loss to the diggers is enormous, so much so that special laws have had to be passed by the Legislature to keep the evil in check. These laws are of the utmost severity. It is a maxim of English law that a man is presumed innocent till he is proved guilty. This maxim is reversed, as far as diamonds are concerned, at the Cape. To be found, at Kimberley, in possession of an uncut

diamond, is an indictable offence, and unless a man can satisfactorily account for his holding one, he is liable to a minimum penalty of two years' hard labour. The magnificent harbour works at Cape Town have been completely built by these I. D. B.'s sentenced to hard labour.

But this law, severe as it is, and throwing as it does the onus of proof upon the accused, has been until lately quite insufficient to stop these thefts, owing to one fatal oversight. It is that the diamonds of a convicted I. D. B. are not confiscated. Consequently a gentleman of this persuasion argues that it is worth while spending two or three years on the Cape Town breakwater if the Government will hand him over his twenty or thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on his release. Indeed, it is doubtful if even this provision by itself would stop the evil, so enormous are the prizes. Nothing will stop the Kaffirs from thieving when they get a chance. As they pass into the mine in the morning they have to strip and leave all their clothing at the entrance, putting on other clothes to work in. While they are at work the mine is vigilantly watched all round to prevent any communication with those outside, and as they come out they have again to change their clothes, and are carefully searched. Every precaution that long and bitter experience can teach has been practised, but all in vain. The Kaffirs hide the diamonds in their hair, under their tongues, between their toes, and have over and over again been known to cut deep gashes in their arms or legs, and thrust the stones into these. They swallow the diamonds, or wrap them in meat which they give to dogs, killing the dog outside the mine and taking the stones from its stomach. To such perfection have they carried the art of hiding their stolen property that quite lately, when an owner, to test his searchers, gave some marked stones to three Kaffirs, and warned the searchers that on such a day some stones would be smuggled out, the Kaffirs got the diamonds through the searchers and delivered them up safely to the disgusted proprietor. What makes the task of preventing thefts especially hard is that in the Orange Free State, only half an hour from Kimberley, there is free trade in diamonds, so that if a thief can get so far he is safe from the law. To cope with these difficulties there has long been a most elaborate detective service in Kimberley. The police generally secure I. D. B.'s by trapping. That is, they send a Kaffir with a diamond to some man whom they suspect of buying stolen

stones. As soon as the Kaffir comes and reports that the victim has bought the diamond, the police make a descent on him, and if they find it upon his premises his doom is sealed. There is also a complete system of registration. Every stone is weighed, and its weight, quality, and colour recorded, as well as the owner, and every sale of diamonds has to be reported to the Government. In fact the police can tell from their books the history of any diamond, from the day it is found until it reaches the consignee in London or Amsterdam. But what, more than all these precautions, has stopped the I. D. B. trade, and bids fair to make it a matter of history, is what is now being adopted, and which is known as the "Compound System." Under this system every mine is surrounded by a fence, high and strong, which forms an enclosure, or "compound." No Kaffir employed in the mine can go outside this enclosure until he leaves for good. The company provides food and clothing inside the compound, and there are also shops where all the articles dear to the Kaffir soul are supplied. These compounds thus serve two purposes. They not only make it impossible for the Kaffir to sell his diamonds if he has stolen any—for constant searches as well as a complete change of clothes on leaving ensure that he cannot accumulate a store for his departure—but they prevent the men getting at the cheap canteens and liquor stores, which are responsible for so much uproar and bloodshed.

Such, in barest outlines, are the main features of diamond finding. In a subsequent paper I propose to sketch some of the social characteristics of Kimberley, and no town in the world presents a more busy and interesting life to the traveller's observation.

J. M.

The Lindsays.

A STORY OF SCOTTISH LIFE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SICK UNTO DEATH.

IT was a wet, cheerless day in the end of March. The rain fell without ceasing, and the air was bitterly cold. There was not a sign of spring in field or hedgerow ; and here and there, in the furrows and in sheltered spots where the wind could not penetrate, the snow still lingered.

Alec Lindsay was seated in the battered old coach, being conveyed to the Castle Farm. He had taken the doctor's advice so far, at least ; and had determined to see if his native air would restore him to health. For he could no longer persuade himself that there was little or nothing the matter with him. He felt weaker every day. The preparations for leaving London and the long journey had tired him excessively ; and now his one desire was for rest.

As the lumbering vehicle approached the well-remembered corner, he saw the dog-cart waiting. His father was driving it ; and the old man was startled when he saw his son's face, and still more when he took his hand.

"You are far from well, Alec," said the laird.

"I am tired. I shall be better to-morrow," said he, getting into the dog-cart.

"I think we had better stop at Dr. Henderson's, and ask him to come over and see you to-morrow."

"Oh, dear me, no," said Alec, in an irritated tone. "I only want a good night's rest."

But on the following morning he did not come down to breakfast. He had caught a cold on the journey, and he complained of a pain in his side. Dr. Henderson was sent for, and when he saw his patient he looked very grave.

"Inflammation of the lungs," he said to Mr. Lindsay, when he went downstairs.

"But there is no danger, is there?" asked the old laird, with alarm in his eyes.

"I would not like to say there's no danger," said the doctor, cautiously. "He's young, and I hope he'll win through: but he seems very listless and careless about himself. That's a bad sign."

"You'll do all that can be done, I'm sure, doctor; but if you think further advice desirable, you'll not spare expense."

"A' the doctors in Europe could do no more than I'm doing," said the doctor, testily. "I'll come round the morn. He may be easier then, but I doubt no. We must have patience."

Margaret nursed her brother with great skill and tenderness. She was born to be a nurse; and her habitual self-repression made it easy for her to conceal the anxiety she was feeling.

It was impossible for her to be always in the sick-room, and Alec liked best to be left alone. It was the room that had always been his own. Here he had read and worked, to prepare himself for college. At that old-fashioned window he had often sat, dreaming dreams which would never come true. How fair the world had seemed to him but a few short years before! How delightful the battle when he would match himself against his fellows, against men born with greater advantages than his own, and in which he would come off victorious, winning not only wealth but honourable renown. And he had succeeded in nothing. It was only by an accident, he told himself, that he was not now sitting in a convict's cell, or lying on a pallet in some prison infirmary. That he had escaped; but he had learned, or thought he had learned, that the prizes he had set his heart on were not worth winning. The whole world did not seem to him to hold anything worthy of the devotion of a lifetime. All this passed through his mind continually in spite of the pain, but in a confused way, as if he had thought it all out and had wearied of it long ago.

On the third day the doctor looked very grave, and said he would come again in the evening.

"You think my son is worse, then," said Mr. Lindsay.

The doctor paused for a moment. "We must hope for the best," he said at last.

A chill struck to the father's heart. Was it possible that

this boy, of whom in secret he had been so proud, the only hope of his house, was to die? Inwardly he trembled, but outwardly he was as composed as ever.

"Do you think," he said, slowly, "that he ought to be told?"

"I think you might ask him if there is any friend he would like to see," said the doctor. "That will make him understand."

When the doctor left him, the laird sat down in a kind of stupor. He could not believe it. Was he, an old man, not far from the grave, to live, while death seized his strong, bright-eyed boy? He shivered; and as he sat there alone he realized that the bereavement would be worse to him than it need have been. He had shown the lad but little of a father's tenderness, little even of the tenderness which he actually felt. Alec had never confided in him, and he had resented the want of confidence. But he had never tried to see things from the boy's standpoint; he had never made allowances for him, never yielded to him, never tried to sympathize with his plans. He had wished his son to be as himself. That could not be; and he had never acquiesced in the decree of nature which had given the young man other standards, other ideas, other aims, than his own. And now the end was come.

He could not bring himself as yet to go upstairs and tell his son the truth. But Alec had already learned it.

"Maggie," he said, suddenly. "Does the doctor think I will get better?"

Margaret stepped back so that her brother could not see her face, and steadied her voice before she answered: "He hopes you will. You have a splendid constitution, he says."

"But there is a chance that I may not?"

Margaret could not speak. She would have broken down, and she was determined not to do that. On her brother's face was a look of satisfaction, as of one who heard that a long expected haven was in sight. Then that expression passed away, and was succeeded by a wandering, troubled gaze.

"I would like to see Duncan Cameron," Alec whispered. "Do you think my father would send for him?"

"I am sure he would, dear; I will go and ask him now," said Margaret, as she kissed her brother, and softly left the room.

Mr. Lindsay was not well pleased to hear of Alec's wish. "It is a stranger he wishes to be with him at the last," he said

to himself, bitterly. But he set off himself to walk the five miles which lay between the farm and the nearest telegraph office.

That evening Duncan Cameron was at the farm. Little was said between the two ; but Alec seemed to find comfort in his friend's presence. In a short time Mr. Lindsay beckoned Cameron out of the room.

"You are a doctor," said the old man, in a hard, constrained voice. "What do you think? Is he likely to recover?"

"I cannot say," said Cameron. "He is very ill, and very weak. If he were a patient of my own, or a stranger——"

"Yes?"

"I should fear that he would not live through the night."

The old man turned away without a word, went to his own room, and threw himself on his knees at the side of his bed. He could not pray. But under his breath he whispered, "Oh, my son, would God I could die for thee! Oh, Alec, my son, my son!" And the tears ran unbidden down his withered, weather-beaten cheeks.

Meantime Cameron had gone back to the sick-room, and there he sat down to watch by his friend, while Margaret rested.

"Cameron," said Alec, speaking slowly and with pain, "when I am gone they may put on my tombstone, 'Born a man, died a failure.'"

"Hold your tongue, man."

"I have been a failure in everything I ever tried," whispered Alec. "I wonder why I was born—it seems to have been such a useless existence."

"*You* say that, and you believe in a God!" exclaimed Cameron. "If you don't, you may talk about useless existences, and so forth. But if you believe in a God, you must believe that there is a reason, and a good reason, for everything, whether you see it or not. If there is a God, and God determined to make you, it was better that you should live. And if you failed, it is better that you should fail, because if God had wished you to succeed, He might easily have brought that about, I suppose?"

"Yes, it must be so. There is comfort in that."

"Of course there is. There is more than comfort in it. There is everything in it. And yet men go on saying they believe in God, and grumbling at every stone they strike their foot against."

A long pause followed.

Alec was hardly able to speak, but a faint smile crossed his face.

"You are always the same, Cameron."

"And if you talk any more I will leave the house this instant. If you have any peace in your mind, keep it, and thank God. But don't say another syllable, unless you want to kill yourself."

All through that night Cameron and Margaret watched by turns.

About four in the morning Cameron touched the bell which stood at the side of the bed; and in a few seconds Margaret was in the room. Alec was sitting upright, supported by his friend's arms and breast, while he laboured and gasped for breath.

"Call his father," whispered Cameron.

Margaret longed to fly to her brother's side; but she did as she was told, and soon the old man obeyed the summons.

"It cannot last much longer," whispered Cameron to Margaret, as she stood sobbing at his side.

The three stood there and waited helplessly while the life and death struggle went on. At last the breathing became more regular, and Alec was able to look at the faces of those around him.

"I think you had better go now; it only excites him to see so many of us here," said Cameron, still speaking in a whisper. "I will call you again, if he should get worse, but I don't think it will be necessary. I think he will do now."

Cameron was right. Alec had youth and a magnificent constitution on his side; and from that night he grew gradually better.

The sun was shining bright and strong through the little square windows of the parlour, when the invalid came down for the first time after his illness. It was May; the rain was over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds had come. Alec's heart sang with them, he hardly knew why. It was partly the reaction of a young and vigorous system after the illness and the mental depression through which he had passed; but he had undergone another change of which he said nothing. He no longer looked on the world as an arena in which success meant all that was living for, and failure irretrievable disaster.

During his convalescence there had been some talk of the future, and it had been settled that in order to get rid of the weakness in his lungs, Alec should spend one or two years in a dry, warm climate. Cameron had recommended a voyage to Australia; and finally it was settled that the invalid should wait at the Castle Farm till he was quite fit to travel, and then sail for Melbourne. If he found that the climate suited him, he was to settle down for a year or more, and learn sheep-farming.

In view of so long a parting, Alec was in no hurry to leave home; and for the first time since his boyhood, he enjoyed staying at the farm.

"Alec," said his father to him one day, not long before the time fixed for his departure, "did I ever tell you that I had heard from your cousin, Semple?"

"No!" exclaimed Alec in great astonishment. "When? Where is he? What is he doing?"

"It was during your illness, so of course I did not mention it to you. He was in Spain—in hiding. He was miserably poor. In fact, he wrote begging me to send him money, if it were only a few shillings."

"Have you his letter?"

"I burned it."

"And did you——?"

"Send him money? No, indeed! Was it likely? His punishment is nothing comparatively. But it is written, 'Vengeance is Mine.'" There was an air of decided satisfaction in the old man's manner as he quoted the text.

"Do you remember the address?" asked Alec, after a pause.

"No," said Mr. Lindsay, shortly.

"It is very strange to hear of his being in poverty," said Alec, "when he is entitled to so much wealth. I heard before I left London that the trustees for the Free Kirk could not hope to succeed in getting the half million from a court of law."

"So it has been decided; but Semple is afraid to come forward and claim the money. He fears he may be prosecuted, and, for anything he knows, sent to penal servitude."

"Perhaps he does not even know that in spite of the trick he played he is entitled to half the residue of the estate."

"I dare say he does not."

"I wonder what he is doing now."

"He won't starve," said Mr. Lindsay, calmly. "He will

manage to exist somehow till he thinks the worst danger is past, and then we shall hear of his trying to get hold of the money."

"Did you think I did right in renouncing my share of it?" said Alec, after a pause.

"You did not consult me at the time," said the old man, stiffly; "and there is little use in speaking of it now."

"You see, my uncle never intended for one moment that I should get two hundred and fifty thousand pounds of his money. I felt that I could not honestly take it."

"No doubt. Have you fixed whether you will go by the *Queen of the South*, or the *Glenstrae*?"

From which Alec understood that his father would have agreed with Laura Mowbray in thinking that he was not morally bound to carry out his uncle's wishes.

"Conscience must be obeyed, no doubt," said the old man, suddenly returning to the subject. "But in important matters it is well to take time for due deliberation, and to consult those whose opinion is entitled to respect."

"I am afraid, sir, I could hardly have expected a Free Kirk minister to advise me to retain the money," said Alec, maliciously. "If I had had recourse to an Established Church pastor, he might perhaps have seen the matter in a different light." Then, seeing that his father looked nettled, Alec hastily began to speak of something else.

It was the middle of summer before the time of parting came. The *Glenstrae* (the ship which had been chosen) sailed from the Clyde; and Alec's father and sister, as well as his friend Cameron, went down to Greenock, where the vessel was lying, to see him on board.

The separation was painful, but it was, after all, so different from that other parting which a few weeks before had seemed so near at hand! The last hand-shakes were exchanged; and Alec's friends stepped on board the tug which was to convey them back to the shore. He saw them land; he saw his father's tall, bent form, with Margaret at his side standing motionless at the edge of the quay. He watched them until it was no longer possible to see the signals they made, till their forms were lost in the distance. A few minutes afterwards he begged a fellow-passenger for the loan of a field-glass which was lying beside him, that he might have a nearer look at the land he was leaving. And happening to turn the glass upon the wharf, he saw that Margaret and his father were standing there still.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BEFORE Miss Lindsay left London she accompanied her late cousin's ward to Victoria, and saw her depart for Brighton. The old lady was by no means sorry that this was the last she was to see of Laura Mowbray. There had been from the first hour of their meeting a natural antipathy between the two women. Miss Lindsay's ruling idea was that of duty, while Laura's chief aim in life was to get as much amusement, or, failing that, as much comfort as possible out of her existence. They had put up with each other, because they happened to be members of the same household, and each had too much sense to indulge in quarrelling or recrimination. Naturally they both felt it to be a relief when the connection came to an end.

But no sooner were Miss Lindsay and Margaret seated in the carriage which conveyed them back to Claremont Gardens, than the old lady's conscience began to trouble her. It told her that she had done nothing for the girl who had been for some years in a manner under her care. She had not tried to wean her from her pleasure-loving, selfish habits. She had not tried to sympathize with her, or to make life in Mr. Lindsay's house, which was often dull enough, a whit more pleasant for her. Beyond lending her volumes of sermons and religious memoirs to read on Sundays, she had not tried to influence the motherless girl for good. Why had she not thought of all this before it was too late?

It was with a sigh, therefore, that she turned to Margaret, and said :

"Poor lassie ! I wish she may do weel."

"I think few people are better able to take care of themselves than Miss Mowbray," responded Margaret.

"I think Alec was greatly taken with her some time back," said Miss Lindsay, after a pause.

"She encouraged both him and that wretch James Semple," said Margaret, with more vehemence than was usual with her ; "and I believe she meant to take the one that turned out to be Uncle James's heir. She has no principle. I believe she would marry any one who was rich enough to give her all the comforts of life and take her to plenty of balls and parties."

"It doesna become you to speak ill o' the lassie as soon as her back's turned," said Miss Lindsay ; and to this rebuke Margaret vouchsafed no reply.

Meanwhile Laura was trying to realize that once more a great change had come into her life. The comfortable, monotonous life of Mr. Lindsay's house was already for her a thing of the past. What the future had in store for her she had no means of guessing. A cousin of her mother, who had married a Mr. Crosby, had offered her a home, and that she had accepted the offer. Of Mr. Crosby, she only knew that he was a coal merchant, and that he lived at Richmond Villa, Brighton. He might be a poor man, or he might be well to do; though from the fact that Mrs. Crosby had accepted Laura's proposal to pay her sixty pounds a year for her board and lodging, it might be supposed that the Crosbys were not rich.

"Whatever they are like," said Laura to herself, "it can't be more tiresome with them than it has been for the last three years. And if I don't like them, I can always go away again."

But fate had decreed that in both of these points Laura was to be disappointed.

The girl's heart sank within her as the cab stopped at "Richmond Villa," which was, in fact, nothing more than a shabby, stucco-fronted cottage. The crying of a baby reached her ears before she had time to raise the knocker; and no sooner had she done so than she became conscious that two dirty children were peering at her from the window at her left hand.

Mrs. Crosby was a large, flabby, good-natured woman who seemed incapable of being injuriously affected by any domestic troubles whatever. She was always in a muddle, always undecided, always unpresentable in appearance, and always contented. Her husband, on the contrary, was a little, sharp-eyed, foxy-haired man with a rasping, disagreeable voice and an uncertain temper. Each of them had, without knowing it, drawn a prize in the lottery of marriage. Either Mr. or Mrs. Crosby would have driven any other man or woman mad in a week; but they got on together tolerably well.

"You are very welcome, Miss Mowbray," he said to Laura that evening, "if you can put up with the discomfort of this house. I'm used to it, and I don't mind; but with you it may be different."

Laura did not know what to say in answer to this speech; but Mrs. Crosby remarked with the utmost composure: "Law, Mr. Crosby, how can you say so? I'm sure everything's very comfortable, though at present a little unsettled. But you must

never mind Mr. Crosby, my dear. All men grumble and find fault; and if you just let them alone, it never does any one any harm."

Life at Richmond Villa was certainly uneventful; but very much to her own surprise Laura found that it interested her. It was the first time she had ever formed one of a family circle; and though the children were by no means attractive they amused her, and pleased her by coming to her with their little wants and cares, their joys and sorrows.

And before Laura had been long enough in the house to decide whether it would not be better to leave it and go to live by herself in a boarding-house, an event happened which settled the question for her. The Patent Match-box Company, whose shares she had bought on her lawyer's advice at twenty per cent. premium, went into liquidation; and after a miserable period of anxiety Laura found that only nine hundred pounds of her money were saved out of the wreck. She was thankful to remain with Mrs. Crosby as nursery governess. It was a hard, dull life; but the very hardness and dulness of it did the girl good. She was forced to think of other things than her own amusement and her own pleasure. Almost insensibly she grew less self-indulgent, more considerate for others, more simple and straightforward.

One day, about six months after Laura had first come to Brighton, she was returning home, late in the afternoon, when she was stopped by a man whom she took for a beggar. As she was searching her pocket for a copper, he spoke to her.

"Laura—Miss Mowbray, don't you know me?"

It was James Semple! The girl was shocked beyond the power of speech. She stood, exactly as she had been standing when he spoke her name, and stared at him. His dress was that of a labourer, except for his coat—an old black overcoat, torn and indescribably dirty, which had the effect of making him look a thousand times more disreputable than he would have been without it. On his head was a battered felt hat, grey with old age. His face was thin and unshaven, his eyes hungry and wolfish.

"Well! you needn't stare at me like that!" he exclaimed.

But Laura did not hear him. She had burst into tears. She hardly could have told why she wept; for certainly the man deserved his evil fortune. Yet it seemed too horrible that a man whom she had lived with on terms of familiarity should be reduced to this—to actual squalor and hunger.

"You're sorry for me, I see. You've a good heart, Laura. But you won't care to be seen speaking to me," he added, throwing a furtive glance around him. "There's a policeman coming up the street. Let's turn down here," and he led the way into a side alley. Half reluctantly the girl followed him.

"I say, do you know if there's a warrant out against me?" he whispered, stretching his unsightly face nearer to her.

"No; I think not. I never heard of anything of that kind."

"Because I've been afraid, you know—horribly afraid. I haven't been able to sleep at night. I couldn't go to prison, Laura. Not for long, you know. It would kill me."

"Where have you been? And how did you know I was here?"

"I've been in Spain. I worked my passage from Lisbon. And I went to the house in Claremont Gardens one night, after dark, and the old woman who is keeping the place told me where you had gone. I've tramped from London."

"And how have you lived, all this time?"

"I haven't lived, I've starved. That's what I've done. You never knew what it was to be hungry, I suppose. How would you like to be hungry, not for days, but weeks and weeks—and cold, too, at the same time, and nowhere to sleep. I couldn't stand it, so I came back and took my chance. I say, Laura, can you lend me any money?"

Laura took out her purse. There were two sovereigns in it, besides some silver. She poured it all into the man's open palm.

"I am not rich now," she said, with a sad smile; "I lost nearly all my money." And she then remembered that it would be two months at least before her purse could be filled again.

"Have you?" said Semple. "Are you sure you can spare all this?" He picked out one of the sovereigns and held it, as if he intended to return it.

"Oh, yes, I can spare it; and you want it so much."

"Don't I? But you're a good sort, Laura," returned Semple, slipping the sovereign, with the rest of the money, into his pocket.

"I'm afraid I must go now," said the girl, remembering that it was just possible that they might be observed.

"All right. I'll go back to London. It's easier to pick up coppers there than anywhere else."

"Why don't you consult a lawyer?" asked Laura, suddenly.

"What! Don't you see, I could be caught and put in prison, for the conspiracy, if it were nothing else?"

"Yes; but surely the lawyer might act for you, and get your money for you, even if you lived abroad."

"I thought of that. But what lawyer would look at me, dressed as I am now? Your two sovereigns will change all that, Laura. I will find a solicitor to take up the case. There ought to be ten thousand pounds for my share of the residue."

"Far more than that. The Free Church——"

"Yes. What about the Free Church? They get the half million, don't they?"

"I believe not. Alec gave up his share to them; and they tried to get your share from the executors; but the court decided that they could not prove their case, and had no right to it."

"Are you sure?" cried Semple, almost mad with excitement.

"I am quite sure. I saw it in the papers about a fortnight ago."

"You don't say so! What luck!" And with sundry half articulate cries of wonder and delight, Mr. James Semple disappeared.

Six weeks afterwards he came back to Brighton. It was on a Sunday morning that Laura and he met. She had a headache which had prevented her going to church; and she was enjoying the unwonted repose of the little sitting-room when the door was opened, and Semple walked into the room. He was no longer an outcast dressed in rags. Every article of dress he had on was palpably new; and except for an irrepressible twitch of the eyelids, he had an air of confidence and display.

"You see I've come back again, Laura," he said, as soon as the door was closed. "I didn't forget you. But it was a risk—a tremendous risk. Curtin, that's my solicitor, is careful to impress on me that my getting the money won't save me from prosecution. It's a comfortable truth for him; for he's charged me fifty per cent. for the money he has lent me, — him, because he knew very well I didn't dare to go to any one else for it. But how are you?"

"I don't feel very well to-day."

"I'm sorry for that. Well; I've come a good way to see

you. I'm in France, you know—supposed to be in France ; and I ran over last night and came down here this morning. I want to pay you the little debt I owe you ;” and he counted out the money as he spoke. “ We've made them pay up,” he cried in a triumphant tone.

“ Indeed,” said Laura.

“ Yes. Two hundred and eleven thousand four hundred and nineteen pounds were paid into my account at the Bank of England on Friday morning. What do you think of that ? ”

“ I'm going to buy a yacht,” he continued, without waiting for an answer. “ One feels more comfortable, safer, in fact, on board ship.”

He ceased talking for a moment, and Laura made no effort to supply the gap.

“ I say, Laura,” he exclaimed, “ did you ever hear of such a fool as that fellow Alec—throwing away all that money ? ”

Laura reddened. It was exactly what she had thought herself ; but it was a very different thing to hear it from this man's mouth.

“ So I'm the heir after all ! ” He laughed ; he actually laughed as he spoke. “ And as soon as I've come into my inheritance I've come back to you. I'm not a man to forget old friends or old promises, Laura ; and I've come to ask you to let bygones be bygones, and go shares with me in this good luck. You'll marry me, Laura, won't you ? And we'll be so jolly ! Think of how jolly we will be. Eh, Laura ? ”

“ But I have lost my fortune, Mr. Semple,” she said, without raising her eyes.

“ What is that to me ?—a flea-bite—a mere flea-bite ; ” and Mr. Semple drummed on the table pleasantly with the tips of his fingers.

“ And you might perhaps find someone who was more attractive, more accomplished, more worthy to be the wife of a rich man than poor me,” said the girl, almost humbly.

“ Oh, well ; I dare say I might pick almost anywhere now ; but we are old friends, and I have always liked you, Laura, so — ” He stretched out his hand and laid it upon hers.

At the touch she sprang to her feet as if she had been stung.

“ You wretch ! ” she cried. “ You cowardly, cruel monster ! How dare you ask an honest girl to marry you ? Do you think I would have accepted you as you were the other day ? As little would I listen to you now ! ”

He shrank back, amazed, angry, insulted—cowering before the girl's scorn.

"You think that because I pitied you, and gave you money to save you from starvation, that I forgot what a vile being you are. You helped to lay a snare for your cousin, who never so much as lifted a finger against you. You would have seen him sent into penal servitude, innocent, that you might get this money. I never heard of such baseness. I could not have conceived that any one could have been so mean, so cruel!"

"It wasn't my idea ; I never knew what was going on."

"You changed the wills ; and you were ready to swear your cousin's liberty away, and let him spend his life in prison while you—— And you think you can come here and ask me to marry you, as if you were not known. What did you take me for ? Can you not imagine that a girl would die a thousand times, rather than marry such as you ? I think you had better go."

Her last words were not needed. Semple hung his head like a slave caught in a theft, and slunk out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TWO YEARS AFTER.

A TALL bearded man walked slowly up the side of a steep ravine, leading a tired horse by the bridle. His hands were plunged deep in his trousers' pockets, and his brows were knitted in deep thought. He wore the regulation Australian costume—flannel shirt and silk scarf, straw hat, rough trousers, and enormous boots.

It was Alec Lindsay. Two years of the dry bracing air of Australia had done wonders for him. His cheeks and hands were brown as a nut, his muscles strong and springy as when he used to run up the sides of the Highland hills ; not a trace of weakness was left in his frame.

When the ascent was climbed, the traveller came upon a rough path running along the upper edge of the gully, which brought him to a shepherd's hut. This had been Alec's home for the last fifteen months. Here he had lived, contentedly enough, dreaming now and then of the big world so far away, but never hankering after it, deeming it a pleasant piece of

excitement if a traveller dropped in with a fortnight-old newspaper in his pocket.

As he drew near the hut, a short thick-set man with a black beard which resembled a section of a sweep's brush appeared at the doorway, and stood waiting for his companion's approach.

"Well?" he inquired, as Alec came up.

"I saw Martin," said Alec; "and I ordered the flour, and the other things. The wash for the sheep will be sent over on Saturday."

Bill Cutbush gave a grunt, by way of acknowledging the information.

"I went round by the post-office."

"Ah!" growled Bill. "That's what's made you so late. You didn't get any letters for me, I fancy? No billy-dooos, or such like?"

"There was a letter, and a paper for you," answered Alec, producing them from his pouch.

Bill stared at them as if he were half afraid of them.

"Blest if I ain't forgot how to read such things," he said, with a short laugh, as he thrust them into his pocket, and turned away.

"I got a letter too," began Alec. "I think, Bill——" Then he saw that his rough-spoken comrade was paying no attention to him, but was striding off to discover what the news was that had travelled so many thousand miles to find him.

So Alec rubbed down Brown Jim, his horse, and fed him. After that he went to the brook and washed himself, and then he walked into the hut. Supper, the never-changing supper of tea, chops, and unleavened bread was ready cooked; and when that subject had been adequately discussed, Alec lit his pipe and sat down on a log outside the hut to ruminate.

Much had happened during the two years of his exile. His father had died, and Margaret had let the Castle Farm, and the others which the laird had bought back before his death, and had gone to live with Miss Lindsay in Glasgow. Old Mr. Blake, too, was dead; and Hubert Blake and Sophy had been married for some time. The letter Alec had just received was from Blake; and pulling it out of his pocket he began to read it once more.

"My dear Lindsay" (so ran the letter), "I see it is of no use to blow you up for not writing—so I spare you. But I have news for you. Your cousin Semple is dead. Poor fellow, I fear

his wealth did him little good. You know, I dare say, that he managed to hear of an attorney while he was in Spain, and through this man he succeeded in recovering the quarter of a million to obtain which he did you so grievous a wrong. But he never dared to show his face in England, knowing that if he escaped imprisonment he would have been shunned by everybody.

"I have seen his lawyer, who seems a fairly respectable individual; and he tells me that the two hundred and fifty thousand pounds are intact; and that your cousin left no will. So you and your sister inherit this property. You must come home at once, and see about it. I believe your sister is to be put into possession of her share very shortly.

"You are a rich man now, Lindsay; and if you choose you may do something towards realizing those schemes of colonization which in your book, *England's Hope*, you recommend to all wealthy philanthropists. At least you may as well spend the money in that way; for I feel certain you will get rid of it before long, in one way or another. As for *England's Hope*, it has made quite a sensation. It is talked of and quoted everywhere; and really your doctrine that the unskilled labourers who are starving should be helped to emigrate to Australia in large numbers, and settled on virgin land by the two Governments, seems to me the only practical way of solving the difficulty. I quite agree with you in this, that we may expect the agricultural labourers to find less and less work on English farms, so that the distress which comes round as regularly every winter as the first of November, must grow worse every year, unless it is relieved by a remedy which will be in some degree commensurate with the evil.

"But we will talk over all this when we meet. What I want to impress upon you is that you must, as soon as this reaches you, saddle your horse, and make for the nearest seaport. Take the first steamer for England, and as soon as you land come straight to Brighton. We shall be here for four or five months at least. I want to have a long chat with you, and my wife wants to show you the baby, whose faculties (according to his mother) are well-nigh superhuman, and whose beauties and graces are infinite.

"By the way, we lighted upon an old acquaintance of yours the other day, Miss Mowbray. Poor girl, I fancy she has rather a hard life of it. She foolishly invested the greater part

of her little fortune in a company which paid high dividends long enough to enable the promoters to sell their shares, and then went to smash. So she lives with some relations as a sort of nursery-governess to a pack of preternaturally ugly children. But I fancy her hard fortune has improved her. My wife has taken a great fancy to her, chiefly, I believe, on account of her courage in giving evidence on a certain occasion, and on account of her refusing James Semple, when he wanted to marry her last year.

"Now, good-bye, and remember to come to Brighton the moment your ship comes in. Yours always,—HUBERT BLAKE."

By the time Alec's pipe was finished, Bill Cutbush had returned to the hut. He was very quiet and subdued in his manner. Evidently the contents of his letter had touched him deeply; but he said not a word about it.

"Bill," said Alec, before they separated for the night, "I have had an important letter from England. And I am going home. I spoke to Martin; and he will send some one to take my place to-morrow."

"When d'you start?" asked Bill, after a pause.

"At daybreak."

"What are you going to do with Brown Jim?"

"I shall ride him to Clifford's, and catch the stage there."

"You think of selling him?"

"I shall leave him to you, Bill."

"For my own?"

"Of course."

"Thankee."

"Good-night, Bill."

Half an hour afterwards Alec suddenly awoke.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

"It's only me," said the voice of Bill Cutbush. "I say, y'know, it was sort of partickler good in you to give me Brown Jim. He's the best hoss for a long way round. I'll take good care on him. Thought you'd like to know."

And before Alec had time to reply, Bill had vanished.

Before two months had passed, Alec was once more in London. And without waiting to see the solicitor who had charge of his late cousin's property, he went down to Brighton the same day.

To his disappointment, however, he found that Blake and his

wife were not at home, and would not probably be back till the evening. Alec spent the rest of the day in wandering about the pier and the streets, feeling more lonely than he had been in the Australian bush.

It was late in the afternoon, and he was strolling aimlessly along the sea-shore, when happening to look towards the cliffs he caught sight of Laura Mowbray.

Yes, it was she; a glad surprise shining in her eyes. Alec rushed up to her, holding out both his hands.

"Oh, how are you? I am so glad to see you!" he cried. Laura gave him her right hand without speaking, but Alec seized her left as well, and held it, while his eyes devoured her face.

"Won't you give me a word of welcome?" he asked.

"Welcome back to England!" she said, gently disengaging her hands.

Then they walked on side by side.

"When did you return?" asked Laura.

"I only reached London this morning."

"Had you a pleasant voyage?"

"Yes; but I want to hear about you. I want to know so much."

"No, no; you shall tell me all about Australia, and what you have been doing all this time."

There were plenty of topics for conversation, and an hour went by before they noticed that the sun was near his setting.

"I must take the children home," said Laura. "They are under my charge, you know."

"The children? Where are they?"

"Playing over there. Oh! I have been keeping an eye on them all the time. I have not been so careless as you think."

"You cannot imagine," said Alec, as they walked over to the children's encampment, "how strange it seems to me that I am here, walking by your side. I can hardly believe it to be true."

Laura smiled, but she said nothing by way of reply; and just then two pert-looking little girls came running up and claimed her attention. Alec drew back a little, and watched the group. He could not help seeing that in some subtle way Laura was greatly changed. Her manner was gentle and self-forgetful. The very tones of her voice had altered.

Presently the children scampered off again and Alec rejoined his companion.

"Do you know what I was thinking of just now?" he said.

Something in his voice startled her. He did not wait for an answer, but went on, "I was thinking of an afternoon in the garden at Glendhu, half a dozen years ago."

"Some things are best forgotten," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said.

"I was only a foolish boy then," went on Alec, "but I think my heart has never changed."

"Please stop, Mr. Lindsay. Indeed I cannot listen to you."

"Laura—you are not—engaged?"

"No; oh, no!"

"Then why won't you listen? You did not doubt me then. Why should you doubt me now?"

"I don't doubt you. But it can never, never be."

"You think I am hasty. It may seem so, but I have been longing to tell you this for weeks and months. And you know my heart was always yours."

"Oh, I entreat you not to say any more. I should not have allowed you to go on."

"Why? If I can win your love, Laura——"

"No, no; you do not really know me. You do not understand."

"I only understand one thing—I love you. Laura, you won't refuse me?"

"But I have been so heartless, so unprincipled, so selfish, so ——" the rest was lost in tears.

"Laura, just one word," whispered Alec, gently taking her hand in his. "Can you care for me? Look at me, dearest."

"It is better not," she said, trying to withdraw her hand. "See, there are Mr. and Mrs. Blake coming down the cliff."

"They don't see us yet. There is time for you to hear me and make me happy."

"Would it make you happy? Are you sure?" asked Laura; and the sunlight seemed to play for a moment on her face.

"Can you doubt it? Come; let us forget the last three years and imagine that we are boy and girl again at Glendhu. Will you? And let me whisper, 'Can you love me, Laura?'"

"Oh, Alec, in my heart I loved you even then!"

THE END.

Reviews.

I.—A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH CATHOLICS.¹

MR. GILLOW'S new volume is worthy of its predecessors. By what seems to be a necessary law, such works grow in an author's hands, and Mr. Gillow has not been able to carry on his third volume to the end of the letter K, "owing to the increase in the length of the notices," as he himself explains. In some sense it is a pity, as of course it would be good that the same scale should be preserved throughout the work, and that it should be carried on more rapidly to a conclusion; but on the other hand, Mr. Gillow's work is so valuable that it is not easy to see what we could well have dispensed with in the volume. Even the forty-five pages devoted to the Memoir of James the Second do not seem too many now we have them. But we do desire to see the book brought to a happy completion, and it is a great temptation to a writer to let the matter under his pen grow unduly. We cannot help saying to Mr. Gillow, *Respice finem*: at the same time we shall certainly welcome his volumes, even though, like the larger tomes of the Bollandists, they do not approach the end as rapidly as the earlier volumes promised.

The most useful part of Mr. Gillow's *Dictionary* seems to us to be the bibliographical notices. They amount, the author tells us, to twelve hundred and more in this volume. We may well wish Mr. Gillow health and strength to carry his huge undertaking to a successful issue, for we hope that when his *Dictionary* is finished he may re-arrange his bibliographical matter, and enable us, by an alphabetical arrangement of the titles of the books, to ascertain at once the authorship of anonymous publications, together with the many other details re-

¹ *A Literary and Biographical History, or Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics, from the Breach with Rome in 1534 to the present time.* By Joseph Gillow. Vol. III. London: Burns and Oates.

specting books that this *Dictionary* contains. We should at the same time be glad if he would always tell us where manuscript works are to be found, and printed books also, when copies of them are very rare.

The biographical portion of the volume may be divided into three parts: there are the lives of Catholics of our own time, those of the time of persecution, and those of the intermediate period. The history of the Martyrs and of their companions under persecution is of course very welcome, but we stand less in need of many of them, as in Father Stanton's admirable *Menology* we have short lives of the Venerable and Blessed Martyrs. By the way, it occurs to us as singular that Mr. Gillow should hardly ever employ these titles when writing of the Martyrs. The title "Venerable" we have not seen anywhere in the volume, and there is no mention of the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, dated December 4, 1886, by which the Cause of several Martyrs named in this volume was introduced. But the lives of the Martyrs and Confessors of the Faith are carefully done, and some details respecting their families are generally given, which are sure to be useful.

We notice, however, an important error under the name of Greenwood, Thomas, D.D. Mr. Gillow it seems to us has been misled by the author of the *British Martyrology*, who, at the page 69 quoted by him, has given us several of the Carthusian Martyrs a second time under the title of secular priests. To make the mistake the more curious, they are for the most part lay-brothers who are so transformed. It is surely not possible to read in the *British Martyrology* the names of Thomas Reading, Robert Sault, John Bere, John Davies, Thomas Greenwood or Greenwood, Walter Parsons, all there called priests, and James Whalworth, unknown, and not to identify them with the Blessed William Greenwood, Robert Salt, Walter Pierson and Thomas Redyng, lay-brothers of the London Charterhouse, the Blessed James Walworth and Richard Bere, priests, and Blessed John Davy, deacon, of the same house. The *British Martyrology* quietly says that "Sanders is not explicit on the point" as to whether Thomas Reading was a parish priest. Of John Bere it says that "Sanders gives nothing more of the history of this person than that he was a parish priest who was put to death." The book quotes Sanders' *De Visibili Monarchia* as its authority in both cases, but as far as a negative can be asserted of a book so badly indexed and so curiously arranged,

it may be asserted that Sanders says nothing of the sort in the *De Visibili Monarchia*. In his history of the English schism Sanders gives these very names, adding "all of them professed of the Carthusian Order." For the other names the *British Martyrology* contents itself with giving for its authority *Catalogus Martyrum*, and Mr. Gillow follows it blindfold, saying "The *Catalogus Martyrum* says that Dr. Greenwood, who is sometimes called Greenway, resolutely refused," &c. Is it possible that any one, now-a-days, can quote "*the Catalogus Martyrum*," without saying what Catalogue he means? A hunt through many Catalogues to find the one intended has been made in vain. The original offender seems to have been Dodd,³ who gives "Thomas Greenway, a clergyman, condemned, &c. in 1535," and his authority also is *Catal. Martyrum*. In a previous note Dodd gives his reference for a similar blunder with regard to Blessed John Bere, "Catal. of Martyrs in Sanders' *De Visibili Monarchia*," where there is no such Catalogue. It comes to this, that Mr. Gillow has copied the *British Martyrology*, which has drawn its errors from Dodd; and thus Mr. Gillow gives the honours of martyrdom to the Dr. Greenwood whose dates he has drawn from Cooper's *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, which author again has been similarly misled. It is amusing to find Mr. Gillow saying, when he comes to Blessed William Greenwood, that "he has been often confused with Thomas Greenwood, D.D." To call Dr. Greenwood a Martyr is to confuse them, certainly. The name Thomas Greenway, by another confusion, is taken from another Carthusian, Blessed Thomas Green, to whom Father Stanton gives the *alias* of Greenway. Mr. Lewis so translates "Grenæus" in Sanders. Chauncy calls the Martyr Greenez in the Munich edition of 1573, which distorts the English names sadly; but Bedyll, King Henry's Commissary, in his report of his death, gives the name as Dan Thomas Greene.

A point of singular interest is raised in the short account of John Holyman, the only Catholic Bishop of Bristol. "The see having been erected by parliamentary authority in time of schism was ignored by the Holy See till it was approved and sanctioned by the Consistorial [Act?] of June 21, 1555." The wording of this phrase, which is taken from Dr. Maziere Brady,⁴ is inaccurate. The Consistorial Acts⁵ say that the see of Bristol had been erected by Parliament during the time of the most pernicious schism, which was now extinguished by the piety of

³ Vol. i. p. 227.⁴ Vol. i. p. 72.⁵ *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 301.

Philip and Mary; that its erection had been first approved by Cardinal Pole in virtue of the faculties he said he had received from the Holy See, and then again by the Pope himself [before the Consistory]; that John [Holyman] had been made Bishop of Bristol by Pole before the approbation of the erection of the see, and had taken possession, and been consecrated: and now at the petition of the King and Queen His Holiness made him Bishop of that Church, and dispensed him to use the Episcopal Orders he had so received. Bishop Holyman received Cardinal Pole's *de facto* appointment in November, 1554, was consecrated on the 18th of that month, and (the erection of the see having been in the meanwhile ratified by the Pope) was appointed Bishop of Bristol in Consistory, June 21, 1555. This is a very interesting history, on a point which has been hitherto most obscure. It would seem that Cardinal Pole thought that his powers extended to the ratification of the erection of Henry's sees. Pope Paul the Fourth, then newly elected, seems to doubt whether Pole's powers extended so far, for he repeats the act of approbation, and he certainly regards the appointment of the Bishop by Cardinal Pole as null, because it had been made before that approbation (*præfatæ ecclesiæ ante illius erectionis approbationem de facto providisset*), and a consecration under such circumstances needed a dispensation.

With regard to the vacancy of the see of Bristol, Dr. Brady is not quite correct in saying that "no notice was taken of Bush," Henry's bishop. The usual phrase for all the English sees that were vacant by the expulsion of intruders, was that they were *certo modo* vacant, or that they were "vacant of any person whatsoever in a way that His Holiness held as expressed." In the case of Bristol this form is used, which of course does refer to Bush; but it says that the see was either vacant from its first erection, or else that it was vacant in this way.

It is remarkable that when Julius the Third a year before (July 6, 1554) appointed the Bishops whom Pole had nominated to Lincoln, Rochester, Chester, Gloucester, St. David's and Bath and Wells, he makes no remark respecting the erection by the secular power of the sees of Chester and Gloucester. The words *de facto* are used by Julius the Third only of Robert Wharton in his appointment to the see of St. Asaph by Henry the Eighth. Julius the Third, it appears, was content tacitly to validate the erection of the sees of Chester and Gloucester, but Paul the Fourth expressly and explicitly validates that of Bristol, and

treats an appointment to the see before that validation as null.

It is worth noticing, perhaps, though the difference is only verbal, that when Paul the Fourth speaks of the erection of the see of Westminster, he describes it as "then newly erected as was pretended by the secular power," while Bristol, in the same Consistorial Acts, is said to have been "erected in the Province of Canterbury by the Supreme Council of that Kingdom, called the Parliament."

The interest of this matter has led us from Mr. Gillow, but we will now pass from the more ancient notices in his new volume to the more modern. These are the biographies we like the best, for we do not know where else to find what here we have ready to our hands. Of recent lives we have those of Bishop Grant, Bishop Griffiths, Mr. Hadfield, the architect, the Rev. Daniel Haigh, the Rev. Dr. Hall, Mother Margaret Hallahan, O.S.D., Mr. Joseph Hansom, "architect and inventor of the hansom cab," Mother Juliana Hardman, together with her father and brother, Father Harris, S.J., Rev. Thomas Harris, Mr. Harting, Mr. Stephen Hawker, the poet, Bishop Hendren, Lord Herries, Bishop Hogarth, Mrs. Hope, Mr. Hope Scott, "Dean" Horrabin, Lord Howard of Glossop, Provost Husenbeth, Father Hutchison of the London Oratory, Father Hutton, O.Ch., and perhaps some others. The list speaks well for Mr. Gillow's diligence, and the lives are very interesting; but is it not happily premature to have given the life of Admiral Jerningham? We ought not to seek the living among the dead.

There is still the intermediate region between the ancient and the modern, of which we have as yet said nothing. Some of these lives are neutral ground, as those of Mrs. Inchbald and Inigo Jones; but some of them seem to be battlefields, and we confess that we do not like to approach them. The drawback really seems to be this. Mr. Gillow often contents himself with second-hand authorities. Charles Butler, Berington, Dr. Kirk, Canon Tierney, and Dodd are his favourite sources to draw from. Their colour is his colour, their bias is his bias. A biographical Dictionary in this last quarter of the nineteenth century would be far more acceptable, if it were a little more impartial in matters that have been much controverted. Would it not be better, in the interests of charity, to let bygones be bygones? Who desires to wake up old controversies? Who can think that good can come of it? Mr. Gillow has plenty to

tell us without this, plenty that we are glad to read, plenty that will do good and disedify no one. As for the sharp sayings of Dodd and Tierney—let them rest in peace.

2.—SPIRITUAL RETREATS.¹

Three times the present Archbishop of Bombay has given the Retreat to Ladies at the Roehampton Convent, and on each occasion one of those who were present at it took careful notes at the time of all that he said, and wrote them out still more carefully afterwards. With his leave she has now published them. It is not every giver of Retreats who would be willing to have all that he says published. Many would fear lest a good deal of repetition should render the Second and Third Retreat rather uninteresting to those who are already acquainted with the first. Not so Archbishop Porter, whose fertility is completely proof against this drawback. There is a wonderful variety in his three Retreats—he varies his subjects and he varies his mode of treatment of such subjects as necessarily recur in every Retreat, such as Death, Sin, the Passion, and Resurrection of our Lord, &c.

But the striking point of these Retreats is not variety. This is a very secondary excellence in them. What must impress itself on every one who read them, as it must on those who listened to them, is their wonderful practical and common-sense character. No high-flown spirituality or unmeaning rhetoric, but good sound matter-of-fact instruction and advice, available for ordinary life, and hitting home—hitting home, but at the same time not wounding, because united with a good nature and a spirit of kindness that recommends advice in itself unpalatable and sweetens the wholesome medicine. Those who know the present Archbishop of Bombay somehow could not be offended at what he said, by reason of the invincible good humour and large hearted charity with which he said it. His unwearied kindness it was that made his retreats so popular, as their common sense made them so useful. It was not merely

¹ *Spiritual Retreats*. Notes of Meditations and Considerations given in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. For private circulation. Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, S.W.

that he had actually an almost unexhaustible fund of practical common sense, but his long and varied experience had enabled him to perfect it and turn it to good account and so to lay a solid foundation on which the grace of God built a superstructure. Hence his great skill in giving advice in difficult cases and in suggesting remedies for the varied wants and diseases of the soul. We must give a characteristic instance. Speaking of the many forms of self-love he says :

A penitent comes to confession who formerly was in the habit of coming weekly, but now six weeks have elapsed. Why is this? "I couldn't prepare, I couldn't pray. I don't like spiritual books. What good do I get by going?" Why not say to God you are in a wretched state, that you wish to pray and make a good Communion? "I have told God that." But you didn't go to Communion? "No." One under the influence of self-love will say all that, but won't be humble enough to go to Holy Communion, and it is downright pride and self-love that keeps her away. Nothing could be a fuller proof of utter dependence on God than a Communion made at such a time, and it would bring very great graces. "O Lord! here I am. I can't say a word. You know what I want, say it for me" (pp. 224, 225).

Again, in speaking of the importance of restraining impetuosity as a most useful love of mortification :

If you are reasonable you think first, then act. Impetuous people never go long ; they can't, they get out of breath. Calm people have a reserve they can call out when wanted. We must control our impulses, and not be too eager. "Precipitation is the bane of all devotion." Impetuous people are in such a hurry to get on, they never pray well. Going by order is more valuable than bodily penance (p. 391).

We might multiply similar extracts from almost every page.

To all who make retreats we recommend these notes as likely to prove most useful as a guide to other thoughts, and affording suggestions of subjects on which to meditate and the manner in which to meditate on them. They may also be employed with advantage as spiritual reading, while those who have to instruct others will find here much that will help them in the pulpit, the confessional, or in giving Instructions, Meditations, or Retreats.

3.—AN ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.¹

We said last year, in a review of Sir Stephen de Vere's *Translations from Horace*, that the translating of a foreign author was, perhaps, one of the most difficult and ungrateful tasks imaginable. But we think the remark might not unjustly be extended to the man who proposes to himself the labour of arranging an anthology. First of all, no matter how exquisite his appreciation or judicious his choice, he is certain not to please *every one*. And then there is that unfortunate twist in our nature which makes us inclined to look for what is *not* in the selection rather than for what is, or inclines us to say, "He might have left out this with profit, and given us so and so instead." And so the man who selects and edits an Anthology must be possessed of no ordinary courage to face his critics.

But it is our pleasing duty to say that there must be few who will not find *something* to their taste in Dr. Bradshaw's delightful volume. Up to the present we have seen no Anthology so thoroughly representative as the one under review. It is literally crammed full of the best poetry "from Chaucer to the present time." The book opens with "the Fountain head of English undefiled," and ends with Lewis Morris' "Song of Empire"! The only noticeable exception we must record is one owing, not to an oversight of the compiler, but to the refusal of certain publishers to allow Dr. Bradshaw to insert any of their edited works in his *Anthology*. Hence nothing of the Poet Laureate is to be found in these pages.

The book is divided into two parts: the first containing selections from writers between 1385 and 1700 exclusive; the second, of writers from 1700 down to our own day. These parts are sub-divided into sections; and the compiler has endeavoured to place each piece as approximately as possible under the precise date *when it was written*. This arrangement is no doubt useful to the critical student for whom the book is mainly intended; but beyond that, we ourselves prefer the more ordinary arrangement of the various pieces of an author under one head. It is confusing to find names so mixed up—Spencer, Shakspeare, Marlowe, Barnfield, Daniel, Shakspeare, Drayton, Marlowe, Raleigh, Shakspeare—confusing, at least, to the ordinary reader—and we hope this book may have many such ordinary readers,

¹ *An English Anthology*, from Chaucer to the present time. Edited by John Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D. Madras: Christian Knowledge Society's Depot, 1887.

over and above the student class—who will read and re-read it and enjoy it, and receive from it as much profit as pleasure.

To the names we have mentioned, we need only add, for the First Part, those of Chaucer, Sidney, Sacville, Dekker, Webster, Fletcher, Beaumont, Ben Jonson, Milton, Herrick, Waller, Vaughan, Cowley, Dryden, Congreve. There are many others. Of the pieces selected we have, among others, the whole of *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and the ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." Some of Milton's and Shakespeare's best Sonnets are given. The First Part ends with Dryden's "Alexander's Feast." There is a note on Vaughan's (1621—1695) "The Retreat," which points out a remarkable analogy between this piece and Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality." The resemblance is striking, both in thought and expression; though we are not prepared to pronounce on the extent of the later poet's indebtedness to the former—if indeed there was any. But this is beside the question.

The Second Part is equally rich. Passing over the eighteenth century we find Wordsworth well represented. There are many of his most exquisite sonnets, and the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," in full. We have Keats' odes to the Nightingale, and to the Poets; Shelley's "To a Skylark," and "Adonais" in portion at least. Byron's "Greece," and "The Ocean."

We are glad to see D. F. M'Carthy's "Waiting for the May," and Mrs. Barbauld's "Life." Of this latter Wordsworth wrote: "I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines." Blanco White's celebrated sonnet, "Night and Death," is given; and George Eliot's "Choir Invisible." There are selections from Miss Procter, Mr. Ruskin, Father Ryan, Miss Rossetti, Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mr. Swinburne, Coventry Patmore, and Longfellow.

We have said, my fancy, enough to show how thoroughly Dr. Bradshaw has accomplished his difficult task, and to justify what we have stated above, that, *An English Anthology* is one of the most representative and satisfactory works of its kind in our language.

There are a few slips which another edition will correct—a word omitted in line fourteen of the "Choir Invisible;" and "Cythrea" for "Cythera" in a note on page 81. We think too, it would be more to the purpose to point out that "mantle blue" in the last line but one of "Lycidas" is the Latin *ceruleus*—one of those classicisms of which Milton was so fond.

4.—LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.¹

By this third edition of his *Life of St. Patrick*, Father Morris has added another to the many boons the sons of St. Philip Neri have conferred on English-speaking Catholics since their establishment in our midst. We have here the result of five-and-twenty years' critical research into the original sources of the Saint's history, of "journeyings often" to France, Ireland, and Scotland, to investigate the local monuments and traditions connected with St. Patrick. The secret of the author's success, where so many have hitherto failed, is his steady adherence to the method adopted by Le Nain de Tillemont, when writing his abstract of the Saint's life in his *Ecclesiastical Annals* (p. 17)—in other words, his choice of St. Patrick's own genuine writings—his *Confession*, the *Epistle to the Christian subjects of the tyrant Coroticus*, and his "*Lorica*," or "*Breast-plate*"—wherewith he tests the several data of the various lives and other records. Failing this test, he discusses with judicial discernment statements not inconsistent with the Saint's account of himself, rejecting whatever is at irreconcilable variance therewith. We are glad to see that Father Morris wastes no time over the interminable controversy as to the Saint's birthplace, which, as a recent critic facetiously observes, favours, if any, the conclusion that he was not born at all. It is, however, easy to gather, from the stress Father Morris lays on our Saint's connection with St. Martin of Tours, to whom he was related on his mother's side, and to whose monastery at Marmoutier he betook himself on his escape from bondage, that he awards to Gaul the distinction of being the natal soil of the Apostle of Ireland, a conclusion he invests with a probability the advocates of rival claims will find it difficult to dispute. Of our Saint's sojourn at Marmoutier under the direction of the Gallic Thaumaturgus, Father Morris says, "One mysterious witness, one abiding landmark on the line of our Saint's journey, deserves special notice for its own sake, as well as the evidence of the immemorial tradition which unites St. Martin and St. Patrick" (p. 73). This "mysterious witness" is a blackthorn growing on the spot at which St. Patrick is believed to have forded the

¹ *The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland.* With a preliminary account of the sources of the Saint's history. By Rev. W. B. Morris, Congr. Or. London. Burns and Oates, 1888.

Loire on his way to St. Martin's monastery. As may be read in the appended report of the President of the Archæological Society of the Department of Indre et Loire, every year, at Christmas time, be the cold never so intense, it is covered with snow-white blossoms known as *les fleurs de S. Patrice*. The tradition of the neighbouring village, which bears our Saint's name, and of whose church he is the titular, affirms that this phenomenon has ever been repeated at the same hallowed season, since the day when St. Patrick, returning from Ireland, crossed the Loire to join St. Martin, and lay down to rest at the foot of this tree. As we have heretofore hinted, the chief merit of Father Morris' method, and the secret of the interest he has succeeded in imparting to "a thrice told tale," is that by judiciously blending with his narrative selections from the Saint's autobiography, as his *Confession* may be called, he lays open to us the interior life of one whom Tillemont compares with the prophets and apostles of old, rather than with more modern saints, and enables us to trace the fulness of a supernatural power over the hearts of men evidenced by the success of his apostolate, to a faith akin to vision, to the love that fired a heart, purified sevenfold from all attachment to earth and self, in the furnace of affliction, to a close union with God in prayer without ceasing, the source of that deep humility which made him account himself as the least of men, "ignorant and a sinner."

This sublime holiness to which he was upborne by his unreserved self-surrender to the impulse of the indwelling Spirit, and "to which God has linked His omnipotence" (p. 33), renders it superfluous to discuss the objections to our Saint's history on the score of the miracles wherewith it abounds. Hence the author bestows but a passing notice on the sceptical Philistinism that relegates to the category of the unthinkable whatever transcends the sphere of its experience, and presumes to lay down the laws by which Providence is to shape human destinies, nor does he deign to parley with the scarcely less unmitigated materialism of those who would bury the *charisma* of miraculous powers in the grave of the last Apostle, but leaves them to seek where they list for a rational explanation of the unquestionable facts of the conversion of the Irish within the span of two generations, a period brief indeed in the life of a nation, of their disappearance for nearly a century from the battlefields of Christian Europe they had hitherto harried with

their raids, until in the sixth century they returned as the Apostles of Christianity. No less summary is Father Morris' dealing with the vexed question of St. Patrick's Roman mission. It need hardly be said that the palmary argument of its gain-sayers is the absence of any mention of such a mission in our Saint's autobiography, a merely negative argument, and by the avowal of a distinguished partisan, "notoriously unsafe, there being so many reasons which may lead a writer to pass over even a burning topic in his day."² As our author observes, St. Patrick was the contemporary of the great Doctors of the Church, he received his spiritual training at the hands of St. Martin and St. Germanus of Auxerre, his sons in the spirit founded in other lands churches in communion with Rome, a cogent proof, if any were needed, that "St. Patrick did not start for Ireland on his own account, and set up a church for himself" (p. 98). The fancied antagonism of "Celtic and Latin Christianity," a favourite theme with those who, as Father Morris pithily observes, "will not be at the pains to learn the difference between a creed and a rubric" (p. 24, 25), tells rather the other way, as the Celtic calculation of the Paschal cycle was a Roman custom introduced by St. Patrick, some two centuries before the prolonged and bitter contention to which the difference between the earlier and later Paschal cycle gave rise. That the ultra-conservatism of the sticklers for the older customs involved no conscious denial of the Roman primacy, may be proved by an analogous case belonging to almost contemporary history.

It is now some thirty years since Dom Guéranger initiated the movement which has issued in the return of the Churches of France to ritual conformity with the Church of Rome. He was hotly opposed by the numerous partisans of the several diocesan "uses." Prescription, the lack of due promulgation of the liturgical laws were pleaded by his opponents in a way which brought to light an *hiatus valde defendendus* in the curriculum of ecclesiastical training, and the crying need for some sound elementary notions of canonical jurisprudence. But, having lived in the midst of the contention, we can fearlessly assert that the advocates of the local customs had one and all scouted as a foul calumny the most distant reflection on their loyalty to the Apostolic See. As with the Celtic Churches in the seventh

² Professor Stokes, *T.C.D.* "St. Patrick," Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

century, the controversy was closed when the will of the Chief Pastor was plainly made known.

It remains for us to congratulate Father Morris on having given us a portrait hitherto unequalled of the Saint who has shown to so many among us "the ways of life." In his pages, the student of history and the devout client of St. Patrick will find a combination of what in some quarters is deemed incompatible, to wit, of the unction of piety, and of enlightened criticism. He has raised to the cherished memory of the Apostle of our race a monument which will instruct and edify, and spread the devotion which has inspired his labour of love.

5.—BRITAIN'S EARLY FAITH.¹

Father Anderdon has presented us with another very meritorious volume. His object is to show the distinctly Papal character of the British Church to the coming to St. Augustine, and he has chosen controversy as the means of conveying his lessons. The clearly Catholic character of numerous facts in this part of our history is shown, and the contrasts with modern Protestantism fully worked out. The little volume contains much that is none too well known, and we have found the references very accurate and trustworthy.

No doubt when Father Anderdon continues to refute Protestant writers of the last century, it is because modern authors, when they do object to anything in Catholic faith and practice, generally copy the objections from their predecessors, without adding much force to the original documents. To answer these ancient assailants of the Catholicity of the British Church, is to cut off the springs from which anti-Catholic writers of our time draw their oft-repeated fallacies. The facts, marshalled for us by Father Anderdon, are most interesting, and on them the author brings to bear his well known skill in controversy. We must give a specimen.

St. Germanus and St. Patrick, before taking their leave of this island, made a journey to St. Alban's tomb, where they thanked the Almighty for the success of their ministry. St. German ordered that holy martyr's

¹ *Britain's Early Faith.* By W. H. Anderdon, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, 1888.

grave to be opened, and put into it the relics of several saints, by whom he designed to express the union of the souls of the just in Heaven. And to express his veneration for St. Alban, he took some of the earth tinged with the blood of the martyr, which he afterwards carried to Auxerre, and built a church in honour of that Saint.²

This is both charming in itself and so clearly un-Protestant, that the controversial application is almost superfluous. It is amusingly done by Father Anderdon. We have ventured to abridge the passage.

Suppose a parallel case. Some Italian Bishop, let us say (from the "Italian Church," you know), be he a Mgr. Odescalchi or Bevilacqua, is sent on a mission from Rome to Ireland, and finds himself on his journey at Weedon, in Northamptonshire. Hearing that the parish church is supposed to contain the body of St. Cadoc, a British Abbot, who, in the very old Popish times, had been martyred here by the Saxons while saying Mass, he feels a great desire to see and venerate the remains. He persuades the Anglican incumbent, a man of antiquarian tastes, and a moderate High Churchman, to accede to his wish. They go together to the church. On the way a miracle is worked on a blind girl through the application of the Bishop's relic. This the vicar thinks a "strong measure." However, they open the tomb, take out some relics, over which Monsignor resolves to build a chapel. Afterwards, as he is leaving the station, the vicar delivers himself of a lengthy homily "on the one Catholic Church which binds them together." In the course of it he says, "I myself wear round my neck a most precious leaf of the *Editio Princeps*, of Bishop Ken's *Morning Hymn*, together with an undoubted shred of his lawn sleeve. I have indeed gone so far as occasionally to address the martyr, and say, whenever I remember to do so: 'Holy Cadoc, I should, really, very much like to be authorized to ask you to pray——'" (Engine—"Puff! puff!") "Ah! well, *buon viaggio*, Monsignor" (p. 148).

The book is naturally rather discursive, but we must not fail to point out that the concluding chapter is a pithy summary of facts, the force of which it is simply impossible to escape. We conclude with an example of Father Anderdon's illustrations.

A Protestant missionary once presented himself to a tribe of North American Indians, who had received instruction, more or less complete, from a Catholic priest. Their "black robe" had either died, or had

² *Lives of the Saints*. 4 vols. 4to. London, 1600. July 31. Such is Father Anderdon's reference, which has interested us, as we were not aware of the publication of *Lives of the Saints* in London during Elizabeth's time.

penetrated further into the forest. The Cherokees were at first mystified by the appearance of the new-comer, his black robe reminded them somewhat, not altogether, of him who had brought them to the faith. The chief assumed the office of questioner. Perhaps, for the nonce the agent of the Parent Society had inducted himself into a Roman collar and a peculiar waistcoat. But the questions went to first principles. "Can you make the sign of the Cross?" He endeavoured in vain. "Have you a wife?" The amount of *impedimenta* proclaimed it. "Then away with you—you are not for us!" (p. 190.)

6.—LE CODE CIVIL.¹

The first volume of this work has appeared, in two parts, and we believe that the book will be completed by the publication of a second volume in a few months' time. Canon Allegre has undertaken a task of considerable difficulty, and he has fulfilled his task, as far as the instalment before us goes, with judgment, learning, and prudence. It cannot fail to be of great use to those for whom it is intended. The book is written with a double purpose. It is intended, not only, as the title implies, to make the *Code Civil* by which France is governed, known to the French clergy, but also to enable Catholic lawyers and magistrates to see at once what the teaching and practice of the Church is, on those points on which the State has legislated, and to show them how that legislation affects the consciences of Catholics and the interests of the Church. The idea is excellent and we should think ourselves fortunate if a similar book were to appear in England, commenting on our English law, and showing its bearing on Moral Theology and Canon Law. Such a work would be much easier if our English law was codified. Will our times ever grow quiet enough to enable a Government to carry through a work of such great national utility as the codification of our law?

Of the two parts of the volume before us, the first is the most interesting as it treats of persons, and therefore, after discussing civil rights, state registration, domicile and absence, it enters fully into the question of marriage, divorce, paternal authority, guardianship and majority. The second part relates

¹ *Le Code Civil Commenté à l'usage du Clergé dans ses rapports avec la Théologie morale, le Droit Canon et l'Économie Politique.* Par M. le chanoine Allegre, Docteur en Théologie et en Droit Canon. Paris : Delhomme et Brigueat.

to goods and property, usufruct and obligations. As the second part is much shorter than the first, a long dissertation is added giving a minute and careful treatise on the Canon Law of matrimonial impediments, consisting of nearly one hundred pages, and about the same space is devoted to an Appendix containing mainly the discussions on the modern French law of divorce.

There is much in this book that will be of use to Catholic Jurists and to the clergy all the world over. The discussions on the precise enactments of the French Code, and their relation to old French law, are not of much interest out of France, except to professed students of law ; but as the principles of the author are thoroughly Catholic, many of his dissertations affect other places besides France. The treatise on matrimonial impediments, for instance, belongs to the universal law of the Church, and it seems to us to be excellently compiled. In the first part there is a short dogmatic treatise on marriage, which could not fail to be useful. These, and a dozen passages from the Pope's Encyclical *Arcanum* on marriage and divorce, are in Latin ; the rest of the book is in French. Amongst the subjects, the treatment of which is fully applicable to ourselves, is that of the modern Divorce Court. In fifteen pages of small print the author examines the moral question, whether a Catholic can in conscience have recourse to the Divorce Court, and whether Catholic Judges and Lawyers can take part in the Court's proceedings. We could not point to any writer who has handled this painful subject so fully, and, we may add, so satisfactorily, as Canon Allegre.

7.—THE CHURGRESS.⁴

The Prig, whose amusing books we have already noticed more than once, was of course present at the Anglican Church Congress,⁴ and gives us a most entertaining parody of that august assembly. But parody is scarcely a fair name for his description of what he calls the *Churgress*. A great proportion of what he prints is a quotation from speeches actually made last autumn at Wolverhampton, and his running commentary is but a logical development of what they said, mixed with a great deal of good-humoured banter aimed at the extraordinary

⁴ *The Churgress*. By the Prig. London : Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1888.

inconsistency and contradictions which Anglicanism presents. The following is an example of this *oratio mixta*. The Bishop of St. Cuthbert's is delivering his inaugural address: the sentences in italics being the words actually used at the Church Congress:

"There is, indeed, one body of Nonconformists with whom reunion may seem far more hopeless, although it is not less earnestly desired—those who owe their allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. Fortunately it is but a small sect of dissenters, in short barely half of those professing the name of Christian on this terrestrial globe. A supreme and infallible Pope is a barrier which seems to shut out all hope of our ever extending to Rome the right hand of fellowship."

"'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said. 'Sir,' she said. 'Nobody axed you, sir,' she said," a boy was heard singing in the street, as the Bishop paused for breath (p. 30).

The vein of skilful satire which runs through the book will be thoroughly appreciated by those who read the proceedings of the Wolverhampton Congress. The "report" of the Rev. Canon Tinker's address on the superiority of Islamism to Christianity is scarcely an exaggeration of the original. It ends with the following words:

If we can but affiliate the followers of Islam to the Church of England, we shall add something over 200,000,000 to our numbers (p. 139).

The proposal was well received—

Lord Loosfish thanked Canon Tinker for his most valuable address. He thoroughly agreed with every word of it.

Mr. Blacksheep had been so impressed by what he had heard, that he announced his intention of leaving St. John's Wood and settling somewhere between Morocco and Java. He would be glad to offer lay help to the Bishop of any one of the intervening dioceses.

The Bishop of the Polycotyledonous Islands wished to ask Canon Tinker the following question—"If ten curates with one wife each have, altogether, one hundred children, how many children would one curate have with fifty wives?" (pp. 139—140).

Perhaps the keenest bit of satire is the motto which closes the book:

We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Hymns Ancient and Modern, No. 385.

8.—SOME CHAPTERS OF NATURAL HISTORY.¹

There is no one who does not like to hear about animals, no one who does not find amusement and interest in reading the facts which the naturalist records concerning them, still more in studying for himself their curious characteristics, their habits and ways. Nor can any observer of animals fail to be struck by the singular sagacity and skill, the intelligence and ingenuity, far beyond the range of ordinary instinct, and seeming to spring from the dictates of rational understanding rather than unconscious impulse, displayed in the acts and customs of many members of the brute creation, as well as by the memory and thoughtfulness, the affection and fidelity they exhibit both in a wild and a domesticated state. This point is brought into special prominence in the pages of the instructive and attractive volume before us, containing some chapters of natural history, with several of which the readers of *THE MONTH* are already familiar, but which are now collected and published by the authoress in a single volume.

Miss Bell has taken great pains to collect her materials from the best authorities, and the result is happy in the extreme. Each essay begins with facts concerning the structure and growth of the "curious creature" selected as the subject, and proceeds to tell of the faculties and instincts wherewith nature has endowed it, its dwelling-place and mode of life, its food and the manner of procuring it, its distinctive characteristics and outward appearance. And all this information is far from being presented under the form of an assemblage of bare facts or dry details, or in terms too scientific to be generally understood; the style is easy and pleasant, and the account given of each animal, though short, is not so brief as to be unsatisfactory. It is moreover in each case followed by delightful anecdotes, some humorous, some pathetic, but all alike highly entertaining. From these we learn how animals apparently so stupid and uninteresting as seals and otters, so formidable as the bear, so repulsive as the rat, may be tamed and taught to restrain their wild instincts, attach themselves to man, obey his will and render him assistance, their fierce nature being softened and their wits

¹ *Curious Creatures, their Ways and Habits.* With Illustrations. By Marianne Bell. London: St. Anselm's Society, 1888.

sharpened by contact with the lords of creation. The following quotations will give some idea of the style of the book :

A curious instance of the memory of bears for events and places known in past years, occurred at a school-house in New Hampshire, Canada, a few years ago. This little red school-house stood on the edge of a forest, and was half a mile from any dwelling. It had but one door and six small windows, a large stove stood at the end, and the boys used to bring in big armfuls of wood to burn in the stove.

One winter day, when the snow lay on the ground, one of the little children went out and left the door open. A noise was heard at the door, as of a big, soft footstep. The scholars looked up and saw a huge black bear standing in the doorway. The frightened children ran behind a table in a corner of the room ; the teacher was alarmed also, and went and stood with them. The scholars screamed and the teacher trembled, but the bear took no notice of them, but walked calmly in and sat down by the fire.

He looked very good natured, but no one dared to go near him. After awhile he turned round and round, warming himself all over. Then he went to the door, stood on his hind-legs and shut it. At this the children screamed louder than ever ; but the bear, instead of approaching them, began to take down the hats and coats and cloaks which hung on the pegs near the door. He took them all down and laid them in a heap on the floor ; and then he took down the satchels and dinner-baskets, opened them and took out the dinners, and there he stood, eating bread and cheese, cold meat, pie and fruit. Still after a very good meal he was not satisfied, but went to see what the teacher had for dinner in her desk, but it was locked, and he could not open it. He shook himself with a disappointed air, as much as to say, "Too bad : I am sure she had something extra nice for her dinner." Then he went to the door, opened it, and walked out, to the intense relief of the children.

Many years before, one of the boys of the neighbourhood caught this same bear, then a little playful cub. The boy tamed and trained him, and all the children about petted and played with him, and took him to school with them, always giving him at noon part of their dinner. One day he disappeared and they saw no more of him.

Time passed on ; the boys he had played with grew up to be men, and forgot their pet bear, but he did not forget ; and years after, when he came from the northern woods he remembered the red house—perhaps he did not exactly remember the boys, but he certainly had not forgotten the dinner-baskets and where they were kept. So he walked into the school-room, not to devour the children, but merely to warm himself and to help himself to their good dinners. After this he must have returned to the northern woods, for he has not paid the school-house another visit (p. 217).

Stories of monkeys are always amusing. Miss Bell gives numerous anecdotes respecting these active and mischievous creatures, from which we select one of the shortest.

Revenge is shown by all the species when an injury has been done to them. A strange instance of this kind is told by Mr. Morrison, the historian. Some member of his family kept a parrot and a monkey as pets. One day these pets had a fierce quarrel, which terminated in the parrot severely biting the fingers of the monkey. At the time the monkey was not able to retaliate, owing to the presence of his enemy's allies. But his wrath was strengthened by musing, and several hours afterwards the parrot was found to have mysteriously disappeared. High and low the house was searched without avail, and it was not until all search had proved fruitless that a very dreadful discovery was made; for in the evening, when the cook poured out the soup all boiling hot for dinner, a hideous medley of bones and feathers revealed too well the awful punishment of poor Poll. In some way or another the monkey had succeeded in cramming the bird into the soup-pot in the temporary absence of the cook, and so affording a display of revenge which could scarcely be credited if it were not on such good authority (p. 189).

This book, although not intended exclusively for the young, is calculated in a high degree to instruct and amuse juvenile readers, and will be found very suitable for prizes, the more so as its value is greatly enhanced by the illustrations that adorn its pages.

9.—RÉSÉDA.¹

There are in the present day unfortunately so many French novels, which, however attractive their style, and however absorbing the interest of the incidents they relate, are yet totally unsuitable to be placed in the hands of the young, that we are glad to be able to recommend to our readers a tale which is perfectly harmless, and yet devoid of the suspicion of dulness that is apt to attach to books the perusal of which is permitted in the schoolroom. The name of Mdlle. Fleuriot upon the title-page of the volume before us is in itself sufficient warranty for the high moral tone of the story it contains. The heroine, the "sorrows and joys" of whose youthful days are recorded in these pages, has, on account of a song learnt at school, received

¹ *Réséda, or Sorrows and Joys*. Translated from the French of Zenaïde Fleuriot, by A. W. Chetwode. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

the *sobriquet* of "Mignonette," and by this name she is known to all her friends. A merry, engaging little girl, she early learns that life is not all sunshine, for in the lot of her mother sorrow and grief largely predominate over happiness and joy. In addition to other misfortunes that have befallen this unhappy lady, she is obliged to separate from her darling Madeline, when the child is only seven, in order to rejoin her husband in America; she confides her to the care of her grandfather, who takes her to live with him in Brittany. An account of the quiet country life "Mignonette" leads there, the friends she makes, the good influence she exercises over all around her, occupies a considerable portion of the book.

Amongst her other good works, we are told, was that of teaching a little shepherd boy, in her grandfather's employ, to write. Later on the boy became a priest and a missionary.

The lessons were begun and continued; in spring they took place in the fields or on the bank by the wood, and in winter by the kitchen chimney-corner, while the bright wood fire flickered and crackled, and Annan's spinning-wheel hummed its monotonous music.

The teacher was patient, the scholar intelligent and industrious, his progress was rapid, and one day as the Rector passed by he heard a voice singing a hymn to our Lady in French; the voice was Job's; his lesson was finished and he was singing for Madeline one of the hymns she had taught him.

"Do you know that God has given you a very good voice, Job? Would you not like to use it in His service?" said the good priest, coming to the gate of the field in which the lesson had on this occasion taken place.

"Oh yes! he would like to sing in church," answered Madeline for the boy, with a significant smile; "he knows the music for the Mass and Vespers already. Job, sing the *O Salutaris* for the Rector."

Job sang the sacred words with so pure and thrilling a voice and so much expression, that the Rector was quite delighted. "You shall be my scholar too," he said, "if you will come and see me at the presbytery. I will teach you plain song, and you shall be a choir-boy. . . ."

In the heart of this little shepherd, who was thus brought into close relations with the presbytery and the altar, there arose a strange longing, and it was both constant and ardent.

"Job, why have you been so grave for this long time, and why do you say your beads instead of playing?" asked his little mistress one day.

"I should like to be a priest," said Job, earnestly; "but I am so poor."

Madeline was amused at the little shepherd's idea, and told it to

her grandfather, who laughed heartily, and lost no time in repeating it to the Rector, thinking that he also would be much diverted.

"Who knows? Who knows?" said the good priest. "The Spirit of God blows where He wills" (pp. 130—132).

The death of her grandfather when she was about twelve, occasioned a complete change in "*Mignonette's*" life. Shortly after she left Brittany under the guardianship of an English family with whom she had become acquainted in Paris. The yacht in which they were cruising was wrecked, and all on board were supposed to be lost, so that when Madeline's parents returned to France in search of her, they were met with the news of her death. This was, however, not true, for when the second part of the book opens, after an interval of six years, we meet with her landing at Yarmouth in the company of her English friends, to whose country estate she accompanies them. Subsequently she revisits the Breton village which was her home for so many years, and renews her acquaintance with her former friends, amongst whom is the youthful playmate and protector for whom she had as a child conceived a warm affection, and on whom she finally bestows her hand. Once more in Paris, she again meets her mother, who is living there under a feigned name, and strangely enough, fails to recognize her, though she attends a series of class lessons which her mother is giving, and forms a strong attachment to her. The manner whereby the mutual recognition of parent and child is brought about, and the delight it causes on both sides, we will leave the reader to discover; suffice it to say, that if the first chapter began with sorrow, the last certainly ends with joy.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE are glad to welcome a third edition of Count Murphy's *Chair of Peter*.¹ It is a readable and reliable work, and one dealing with a subject, the interest and importance of which can hardly be measured by any ordinary estimate. The present edition extends its information down to the latest period, that is, to the passing of the German Ecclesiastical Law Amendment Act of 1887. We have also an account of the Papal mediation in the case of the Caroline Islands, and our attention is drawn with all the desired emphasis to the working of the Catholic Parliamentary parties in those countries and states of Europe where it has hitherto seemed good for the sons of the Church to enter the lists of the political arena with the champions of infidelity and license.

Of the general character of the work enough has been said in reviewing earlier editions. So vast a subject, as is the History of the Church of Christ, cannot of course be fully and exhaustively treated within the number of seven hundred pages, and no doubt there are certain questions here and there that call for a greater development than the author has been able to assign them in these pages. But more is not to be looked for from a work than it professes to put forward, and as a type of an eminently useful, interesting, and handy volume of Ecclesiastical History, Count Murphy's *Chair of Peter* has few equals.

A book on St. Joseph² is always dear to those who love Jesus and Mary, and the honour paid to him redounds on his Divine Foster Child and Holy Spouse. But apart from this it is impossible to read of the wonders wrought by St. Joseph for those who beg for his help and intercession without a feeling of

¹ *The Chair of Peter*. By John Nicholas Murphy. Third Edition. London: Burns and Oates, 1888.

² *St. Joseph's Help*; or, Stories of the Power and Efficacy of St. Joseph's Intercession. From the German of the Very Rev. J. A. Keller, D.D. London: R. Washbourne, 1888.

consolation, and an increase in our confidence in the supernatural arising from the knowledge that we have so generous, so powerful a patron. St. Joseph in Heaven, it is said, *non impetrat sed imperat* he does not commend but command; and when we add to this that to him the *Memorare* is applicable as well as to our Lady, in that he never yet failed any of his clients in their necessities, we are forced to confess that if we do not get what we want, it is our own fault. Some of these stories of St. Joseph's intervention are very wonderful, and tell how for those who pray to him he obtains not only spiritual favours but every kind of temporal aid, money, situations, wealth, safety, relief of every kind of necessity. We must give one example, it is a typical one. Some Dominican nuns in Wisconsin were so poor that often they had neither money, fire, nor food :

Once, on a very cold evening, there was not a single piece of wood in the house to light the fire for the next morning. We did again that night what we had often successfully tried in like emergencies ; before we went to bed, we fervently invoked St. Joseph's assistance in our distress.

Suddenly, at midnight, we were all awaked by a heavy rumbling noise, and then we heard sounds as if a waggon of wood was being unloaded.

Hastily arising, we went downstairs and found this indeed to be the case. A Dutch farmer whom we knew, and who resided about four miles from our house, was standing there, and in reply to our question, how he happened to think of bringing us wood at such an unusual time, especially as we had not ordered it, only replied, that he could not tell—an interior voice had urged him to set off at once, as the nuns were in great want of it. Whose voice could this have been, save that of our powerful protector (p. 29)?

We counsel our readers to get this little book for themselves ; they cannot read it without an increase in their confidence in the holy Patriarch.

If, moreover, our readers should desire some practical method of showing their devotion, the *Month of St. Joseph*, by the Abbé Berlioux,³ just translated into English, will furnish them with excellent meditations on his glorious virtues, as well as prayers in his honour and examples of the efficacy of his intercession. It is a handy little book, and has the *Imprimatur* of Archbishop Walsh.

³ *Month of St. Joseph*. By Abbé Berlioux. Translated by Eleanor Cholmeley. Dublin : Gill and Son.

Mr. David Lewis is already well known as the biographer of St. Teresa, and the Catholic Truth Society⁴ is fortunate in having secured for its Biographical Series the work of so able a writer. What strikes us in this little *Life* is the skill with which the historical facts are subordinate to the inner history of the Saint. She is a living, moving person—not the mere accomplisher of certain works and the possessor of certain supernatural gifts. In early days she struggles, often fails, neglects prayer, becomes careless, yet ends in being a very wonderful Saint. The *Life* is a most consoling and encouraging one.

Mr. Walker's *Primer of Plain Chant*⁵ is a very useful little handbook. It gives in a short space nearly everything which is needed for the accurate performance of the Gregorian music. It is not necessary here to enter on the vexed question of Plain Chant *v.* Figured Music. But it would be well to distinguish clearly between *operatic* and *dramatic* music, for the whole strength of the champion of Figured Music lies in a close adherence to the latter and in an entire rejection of the former. In that case the "music of the sanctuary" might become distinct from Plain Chant without "becoming less and less distinct from the music of the Opera." Counterpoint is assigned as the cause of this terrible decadence, but will the author affirm that Counterpoint, that marvel in musical art, has in itself something inherently worldly and unholy, so that it led necessarily to the complete destruction of all that was solemn and reverential in the Church's music. We may add that when once Plain Chant ceased to be plain, when once it associated with itself trebles and altos and chords and harmonies, the sooner it was hushed to rest, and silence allowed to reign, the better. The horrors of the Faux Bourdon and the agonies of other ancient musical inventions are things too painful to meditate, and we forbear to dwell upon them.

But at the same time we are fully persuaded that *Plain Chant* is for much of the Church's musical work absolutely essential, for much more most suitable, and only then are we inclined to "plant the dogged foot" when we find no mercy shown to any other kind of ecclesiastical music. Mr. Walker has compressed an immense amount of information into a very small space and we sincerely hope that the trifling price of his little pamphlet

⁴ *Saint Teresa* (Biographical Series). By David Lewis. Catholic Truth Society.

⁵ *A Primer of Plain Chant*. By Charles Walker. London: Catholic Truth Society.

will help to procure it many purchasers, many readers, and many earnest, enthusiastic students.

We gladly welcome a book⁶ which is a real addition to the literature of the Blessed Sacrament. The writer takes the Mysteries of the Infancy and the Passion of our Lord's life, and draws out very beautifully the striking analogies between these mysteries and their reproduction in the Sacrament of the Altar. In reading this series of parallels we are made to realize how the obedience and patience, and, indeed, how all the virtues of our Lord's life on earth are again daily repeated in our midst. While taking upon Himself the veil of earthly bread in order to become the food and strength of our souls, our Divine Model has not ceased to be to us a never-failing example of those virtues we most need to learn. Many people think of the Blessed Sacrament only as a source of grace, or as a throne from which our Divine Lord blesses all who kneel before Him, and whispers words of comfort to the afflicted, or of courage to the wavering. But how few there are who think more deeply of that mysterious hidden life of God in the Tabernacle of the Altar. "The mind which contemplates the Blessed Sacrament without *intelligence*, believes indeed that Jesus is there present, worships Him and prays to Him in His Tabernacle, but fails to discern the numberless beauties which lie hidden in that little round white Host, from a simple want of applying its faculties to the science of that wondrous life." These are a few words from the chapter in *Emmanuel* on "the Crowning with Thorns." Of this book we can truly say that it is full of clear, sound thought, and moreover eminently practical. To those who are not acquainted with the Conferences of Mgr. Pichenot, in which the analogies between the earthly and sacramental life of our Divine Lord are worked out at greater length, this little book *Emmanuel* will be full of new ideas. Its chapters will serve as daily spiritual reading, or as suggesting fresh matter for meditation.

The name of St. Cajetan, a short⁷ biography of whom, translated by Lady Herbert, has recently been published under the auspices of the Bishop of Salford, is but little known in England. In Italy however, the Saint is the object of profound and wide-

⁶ *Emmanuel*. By Mrs. Abel Ram. London: Burns and Oates.

⁷ *The Life of St. Cajetan, Count of Tigne, Founder of the Theatines*. Translated from the Italian by Lady Herbert. With a Preface by the Bishop of Salford. London: T. Richardson and Son, 1888.

spread devotion ; his extraordinary practice of poverty, and the wonderful miracles whereby his sanctity was attested, have obtained for him the title of *Padre della Provvidenza*, and him his fellow-countrymen invoke with confidence when in affliction and want. Called by God to effect the reform of the Italian clergy, to revive religion among the laity, to defend the doctrines attacked by Lutherans, in view of restoring ecclesiastical discipline, so greatly relaxed in the sixteenth century, he founded a new Order of Regular Clergy, who should seek nothing but the glory of God and His justice. Animated by an intense devotion to St. Peter, he resigned all his property, the dignities and benefices he held, and embraced and followed as closely as possible the Apostolic life, going about from town to town, everywhere reforming abuses, introducing pious practices, ministering to the spiritual and temporal needs of the people. The little volume before us is full of instructive details respecting the work St. Cajetan carried on : among other things, it is interesting to learn that it was he who first introduced in Venice in 1521, the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours.

In our busy days there are probably not many who can read "two chapters a day, one from the Old and the other from the New Testament,"⁸ but more could manage to devote some time on Sunday to so holy and profitable and at the same time so pleasant a study. An American Catholic layman is anxious to induce others of his class to read the Sacred Scriptures, and has put together these few hints for their guidance. The author's hints are conceived in an excellent spirit, and will be found useful by quiet readers of Holy Scripture. It is rather bold, however, to state as certain that the Septuagint version was the work of "seventy-two most learned Israelites ;" nor is it correct to say without considerable qualification that the Septuagint text is "far more trustworthy than the modern Hebrew text." There are few now, whether Catholics or Protestants, who would not recognize the former text to be on the whole decidedly inferior to the latter, although in particular passages it has preserved the best readings. The author might have strengthened his argument against the unsound conclusions which Protestants draw from 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17, had he been aware that by "man of God" throughout Scripture is always meant a minister of God.

⁸ *Hints on the Study of the Sacred Books.* By Merwin-Marie Snell. With Introduction by A. J. Faust, Ph.D.

Father Rossetti, like a true son of the Society of Jesus, loves his Spiritual Mother with the fondest affection, and delights to do her honour by setting forth her varied excellencies.⁹ After indicating the points common to the Society with other religious orders, he selects those which he regards as peculiar to his own Order, and explains what are the characteristics of its spirit and the marks by which it is distinguished. These are its *universality* (by which Father Rossetti understands that it includes every kind of perfection and exercises every sort of ministry), the loftiness of its aim, the depth of its humility, the severity of its self-abnegation, its sweetness, the solidity of its virtue, and the love it claims from its children. We are a little surprised to find that *obedience* is not more prominent in the forefront of its differentiating marks. Father Rossetti says with truth that Jesuit obedience has peculiar universality, in that there is no limit to the matter over which the power of the Superior extends, but he merely introduces obedience as one of the various forms of self-denial. It is so far the greatest and most difficult of these that in practice it eclipses all others—and is the one kind of mortification that can never become mechanical, since it is continually taking some new form and imposing some fresh trial. We also think that Father Rossetti is not quite correct in saying that it is the custom in other orders to allow a *peculium* which the individual can dispose of as he chooses. This is not the case with Franciscans, Carthusians, or Carmelites. Anything like a slur on other orders, or an invidious comparison of the Society with them, is quite at variance with the spirit of St. Ignatius. Father Rossetti's book is a storehouse of matter for exhortations and instructions to Jesuit communities, as well as for useful spiritual reading.

Modern religious communities of women have adopted in great measure, and as far as it was possible for them to do so, the rules and customs of the Society of Jesus. But the older orders, Ursulines, Augustinians, &c., as well as the Visitation Nuns, follow the ancient Rule of St. Augustine.¹⁰ It is specially suited, says Father Weniger in his Preface, "to those Orders of Religious Women, who, while labouring for their own sanctification, devote themselves to the religious instruction of youth." The fundamental spirit of the two systems is the same, but there

⁹ *De Spiritu Societatis Jesu*. Auctore Julio C. Rossetti, S.J. Herder, Fribourg.

¹⁰ *The Perfect Religious according to the Rule of St. Augustine*. By Father Francis Xavier Weniger, S.J. Translated from the German by a Member of the Ursuline Community. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1888.

is in the little book before us a more detailed enforcing of individual duties, whereas St. Ignatius teaches more especially obedience as the centre and source of all other virtues. These excellent instructions set forth the character of the perfection at which such religious should aim, the chief obligations of their Rule, and some of the dangers to which they are exposed. They will commend themselves to all religious houses where the active life is joined to a life of prayer and meditation.

In *Ramona*¹¹ we have a pleasant and interesting story. If it is a first attempt, it promises well for the future. The authoress writes pleasantly and is gifted with a happy power of description. There are some exquisite bits up and down the book. Here is a scene from a South Californian house :

Between the veranda and the river meadows, out on which it looked, all was garden, orange grove, and almond orchard ; the orange grove always green, never without snowy bloom or golden fruit ; the garden never without flowers, summer or winter ; and the almond orchard, in early spring, a fluttering canopy of pink and white petals, which seen from the hills on the opposite side of the river, looked as if rosy sunrise clouds had fallen and become tangled in the tree-tops. On either hand stretched away other orchards—peach, apricot, pear, apple, pomegranate—and beyond these, vineyards. Nothing was to be seen but verdure, or bloom, or fruit, at whatever time you sat on the Señora's seen veranda.

The only thing we have to find fault with in the book is what purports to be a description of Catholics and their religion. The Catholicism here depicted is as unreal as it is imaginary and novelistic. It seems to have its source in the romances of Captain Mayne Reid and melodramatic fiction, and not in personal knowledge. We can assure the writer that no Catholics under the sun think, talk, and behave as the people in this book do. It is a safe precaution in the matter of religion as elsewhere to "inquire within" before one sets about describing a thing of which one has but the most superficial acquaintance, or perhaps none at all. We will, however, do the authoress the justice to say that it is apparent from many passages that her intentions are excellent. But perhaps it will be wiser if for the future she select some subject in which "Roman Catholics" do not necessarily play so prominent a part. By so doing she will avoid the risk of making a caricature where she intended to paint a portrait.

¹¹ *Ramona*. A story. By Helen Jackson (H.H.) New edition. London : Macmillan and Co., 1887.

*Catherine Grown Older*¹² is a book which teaches us a necessary lesson, but one hard to learn. Catherine Hamilton is anxious to spend her life for God, and only waits to know His will in her regard. God at last calls plainly, for Catherine is by an accident condemned to a bed of sickness, from which she is never more to rise. After much prayer Catherine at length learns "to suffer and be still," and this merits a high place among God's faithful ones.

We have received from Mr. Washbourne a second edition of a simple and pleasing little narrative,¹³ which is already a favourite with many readers, old and young, and which is now republished in the series entitled *The Catholic Premium Book Library*. No one can fail to be interested in the fortunes of Fluffy, and it is to be hoped that in reading of the sufferings and temptations of this poor little outcast, his struggles against sin and correspondence to grace, the hearts of those who have never known what it is to be homeless and friendless may be moved to pity the numerous types of this class who are to be found on all sides, and hold out to them the helping hand which they need to enable them to become, as Fluffy did, good Christians and useful members of society.

A refrain, solemn and yet pleasing in its simple flow, is the chief characteristic of Mr. Macmeikan's new composition.¹⁴ Father Faber's words have in one instance been slightly changed, but not unduly so, to meet the necessities of an adaptation to music. To those who are in search of something more serious than the usual run of musical song literature, we can confidently recommend this piece. It is best suited for a contralto voice, its compass being between C and E.

The little books published in a cheap form at Notre Dame, Indiana, and known as the *Ave Maria* series, are all excellent, but we can say with truth that we have seldom read a short story more deserving of praise than that which forms No. 8 of the series.¹⁵ There is a wonderful charm about all Christian Reid writes; the story is indeed short and the style simple, but in it we find expressed sentiments the most refined, principles of

¹² *Catherine Grown Older*. A sequel to *Catherine Hamilton*. By M.F.S. Second Edition. London: R. Washbourne, 1887.

¹³ *Fluffy*. By M.F.S. Second Edition. London: R. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, 1888.

¹⁴ "I am the Shepherd True." Sacred Song. Words by F. W. Faber, D.D. Composed by John Macmeikan. London: Stanley, Lucas, Weber, and Co.

¹⁵ *His Victory*. By Christian Reid. Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press, 1887.

action the most elevated. The generous self-forgetfulness of the heroine and the unshrinking courage wherewith both she and the man she was about to marry forego their hopes of earthly happiness in obedience to the law of God cannot fail to impress and delight the reader, while a profound appreciation of the unspeakable value and beauty of the Catholic faith, of the spiritual privileges enjoyed by the children of the Church, breathes in every page of a narrative no less interesting than admirable.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The encroachments of the secular power on ecclesiastical rights in past times is naturally a subject of special interest to Germans. Upon this topic both the first and second articles in the *Katholik* for February bear; the former showing how Ambrose, when raised to the see of Milan, had to decide many important questions in regard to the jurisdiction to be exercised by the State in the affairs of the Church, which not a century before had emerged from the catacombs; the line of demarcation being all the more difficult to draw, because the Emperor had been obliged to interfere in the struggle with Arianism. Touching the appointment of bishops, too, it was necessary to make a firm stand in the fourth, no less than in the eighteenth century, to which period the second article relates; the circumstances attending the elections to the vacant see of Münster, and the intrigues carried on at the time, are given in some detail; an important part being played by Steffani, the composer and statesman and subsequent Bishop, whose career was traced some months back in the pages of the *Katholik*. In a former essay on "Lauds and Vespers," it was shown that these liturgical hours were substituted in the time of the Apostles for the morning and evening prayer of the Old Testament, and constituted, after the Holy Sacrifice, the principal part of Divine worship for the early Christians. A second article on this subject carries on the history from the fourth to the seventh century, during which period a gradual change and development took place in the Divine Office. The main factors in this change were the spread of monachism, and the introduction of the festivals of the ecclesiastical year into the cycle of canonical hours. The *Katholik* has also a long article on the Conversion of England, and the position of Catholics in this country. It is

interesting to see the view taken of our needs, our dangers, and our shortcomings by Catholics of another nation. The fact that the necessity of grappling with Catholicism is now recognized by the Establishment, is rightly considered as a good sign, and the writer does not fail to see that the recent appeal to antiquity can only do harm to Anglicanism. The remarks on the reasons why conversions amongst the middle classes are so few are most just, as also those which represent how greatly the aid of laymen is needed to supplement the labours of our clergy.

Italian Radicals assert that the question of the Roman Curia was settled eighteen years ago by the annexation of Rome; but a pamphlet has lately been published by an ex-Minister, one of the most enlightened politicians of the school of Cavour, wherein far from asserting that the question is closed, he proposes a new scheme, a *via media* by which matters may be arranged. The *Civiltà Cattolica* (905, 906) undertakes to discuss this pamphlet, and begins by pointing out that, unlike the rest of his party, the writer does not deny that the point at issue has an international character, that it does not refer merely to the relations in which the Papacy stands to the Italian Government, but is one in which all Christendom is concerned. He concedes, too, that liberty of action for the Pope is indispensable for the whole Catholic world. But if he would give the Holy Father the rank and position of a sovereign, it would be a sovereign without territory; if he would secure for him a free place of residence, he does not see that it must of necessity be Rome. In fact, although he is too upright to deny the rights of the Papacy, he views the Church as a merely human institution, and his scheme is based on contradictions. He proposes a protocol, signed by all the Great Powers on the principle of international neutrality, which shall guarantee to the Pope independence in the exercise of his spiritual authority in all countries, and liberty to fix his abode where he will. Meanwhile Italy is to retain possession of the annexed territory. Some months ago the story narrated in the Book of Judith, and the personality of the King Nabuchodonosor mentioned therein, formed the topic of some articles in the *Civiltà*. The subject is now resumed, the site of Bethulia and the defeat experienced by Holofernes before its walls, being discussed. If the Book of Judith were, as some state, a mere fable, it were vain to assign a place to the city of Bethulia; and although this is not the case, Biblical commentators differ much as to the locality where it stood. It

is described as a fortified city, situated on a steep declivity in a mountainous region ; probably it stood above the plain of Esdrelon, where the forces of Assyria were encamped. The complete dismemberment of this proud army in consequence of the death of its leader, and the strange terror and confusion which took possession of all hearts, is accounted for on natural grounds. The scientific notes contain a short account of the Observatory at Zi-ka-wei, important not merely as a means of gaining for Christian missionaries credit and respect in China, but on account of the valuable meteorological and astronomical observations by which they have aided science. Some remarks are also given on the deviations of acoustic signals at sea, and the circumstances which influence the speed wherewith the report of firearms travel.

No portion of Holy Writ is so frequently attacked by unbelievers as the Pentateuch. The authorship of these books is denied to Moses, they are alleged to be legends written at a later date, without historical, scientific, or theological value. In the *Études Religieuses* for March, the Christian apologist comes forward to answer the recent assertions of some German rationalists, and proves from internal evidence that these books are truly the writings of Moses, and have been handed down to us unchanged in all essential points. Father Longhaye concludes his interesting article on St. Augustine, the model of preachers, showing how in his sermons he identifies himself with his hearers, drawing with them as well as for them from the fount of truth ; how he takes the Scriptures for his central point, commenting on and expounding in their light the lofty dogmas, the incomprehensible mysteries of the faith. Father de Régnon contributes some remarks on free will, and in another article attention is called to the literary riches of Mexico in the sixteenth century, revealed by the publication of the *Bibliografía Mexicana*. It is not generally known that the printing-press was introduced into Mexico by the Spanish missionaries at an earlier date than into any other American town ; one of the most valuable and important of the books then issued—all now extremely rare—being one on the Inquisition. But not even the convincing proof afforded by this contemporaneous testimony to the justice and mercy of its proceedings, will avail, as Father Gerste remarks, to dispel the popular delusions concerning that *iniquitous institution*.

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